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ROBERT BROWNING.

THE materials for a biography of Robert Browning are provokingly scanty. He was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, in

1812. His father's family were dissenters, a circumstance that influenced his early education, which is said to have been less conventional and restricted than it could well have been, if it had been moulded after the traditions of English scholarship. He was educated at the London University, then a comparatively new institution, the plan of which originated with the poet Campbell, and the success of which was in a large measure due to Mr. (afterward Lord) Brougham. When Mr. Browning entered the London University—how long he remained there—and what progress he made in his studies, is nowhere stated. At the age of twenty he travelled in Italy, where he turned his attention to mediæval history, spending much of his time in the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice, whose old libraries were crammed with the lore he sought—dusty records of great personages long since gone to dust,

with all their vices and virtues forgotten. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the mediæval period, as many a bookworm besides himself has done, but he did more than this; for, however

strongly he may have been drawn to the Past of Italy, he was drawn still more strongly to its Present—to the life which went on around

him in the streets and palaces of its decayed cities, and in its quaint, little old villages, as primitive now as they were a thousand years ago. He mingled with the Italian peasantry, as few Englishmen have done, learned their *patois*, studied their ways, and was as much at home with them as Shakespeare with the waiters and hostlers at Eastcheap, or his fellows at the Globe. No English poet who has been inspired by Italy, and she has inspired many, can be compared with Mr. Browning, both as regards his knowledge of Italian life and character, and the use which he has made of it in his verse.

The appearance of Mr. Browning's "Paracelsus," in 1835 or '36, was an event in the history of English Poetry. It was not so considered at the time, of course; for, though "Paracelsus" found a few appreciative readers, it failed to commend itself to the public. A new poet had arisen, but he was not recog-

nized. It should be said on behalf of the public that there was no existing standard by which they could measure him and his work, nothing, that is, with which "Paracelsus" could be



ROBERT BROWNING.

fairly compared. The problem which it undertook to solve, and which may be briefly described as the natural growth and change of a human soul, is one that has long exercised the poetic intellect, and one that only a very young man would have ventured to handle again. "Paracelsus" is a young man's poem, and, all things considered, it is one of the most remarkable poems that a young man ever wrote. The selection of its subject was indicative of intellectual daring as well as of youth; but the hero chosen was one who could inspire no confidence, either in himself or his poet. What Mr. Browning tries to make his *Paracelsus*, we know; but some of us are perhaps acquainted with the actual life and character of the real *Paracelsus*, who was named, or who named himself, Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, and was one of the crowd of impostors with which the Europe of the sixteenth century was overrun. A conjurer, a juggler, and an alchemist, he wandered hither and thither, picking up scraps of knowledge from the tables of wiser men than himself. He is said to have journeyed to Constantinople to learn from a mythical Greek the secret of the elixir of Trismegistus; and to have obtained several remedies not then known in Europe, with which, on his return, he made some remarkable cures. Appointed professor of physic and surgery at Basel, he burned the works of Galen and Avicenna, claiming to know the art of prolonging life and of curing all diseases, and to hold more learning in the hairs of his beard (which was not a scanty one), than was possessed by all the medical men alive. He frequented low taverns, and is said to have been drunk when he delivered his lectures (which were in the vulgar tongue), drunk when he attended his patients, and drunk when he wrote his books. That he preferred to sleep in his clothes was a matter of course. Such was *Paracelsus*!

Mr. Browning's next poetic performance was the tragedy of "Strafford," which struck the fancy of Mr. Macready, who produced it in 1837, but without success. It was followed, in 1840, by "Sordello." If my readers wish to know who *Sordello* was, I do not advise them to read the poem of which he is the hero, from which they can learn nothing, but to hunt him through French and German Cyclopædias, where they may possibly satisfy their curiosity. I came upon his not very shining trail a few years ago, but I have forgotten who he was, except that he was a Provençal poet, who is mentioned by Dante in the sixth canto of the *Purgatorio*; or what he did, except that, I believe, he ran away with the wife of some other gentleman. It is handed down to us as a bit of literary history, that Douglas Jerrold attempted to read "Sordello," after recovering from a severe illness, but could make nothing of it. He asked his wife to read a few lines, which she did, and returned the book to him with the remark that it was all gibberish. "Thank Heaven! I am not mad," said the relieved wit, who had for a moment doubted his own sanity.

During the next five or six years Mr. Browning was the busiest writer in England. I am not able to state the exact order or form in which his works appeared, so little does bibliography occupy itself with contemporary authors; but, to the best of my recollection, they were all published as parts of a series entitled "Bells and Pomegranates." As I remember the original edition of this collection, "Pippa Passes" came first, and "The Soul's Tragedy" last; between these were "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," "Colombe's Birthday," and "Dramatic Lyrics." "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" was produced at Drury Lane, in 1843. It failed. Whether the attempt to popularize Mr. Browning by issuing his writings in a cheap form was successful, may be doubted; but that it made him known to the few whose good opinion alone is worth having, is certain. His genius was recognized and praised by his fellow-singers, among whom was Miss Elizabeth Barrett, in whose "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" several modern poets are mentioned:

"Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut down through the
middle,
Showed a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

I find a much earlier mention of Mr. Browning, or, to speak more exactly, a mention of him at a much earlier period, in Miss Mitford's charming "Recollections of a Literary Life." Writing in 1851, she says: "The same visit to London that brought me acquainted with my beloved friend, Elizabeth Barrett, first gave me a sight of Mr. Browning. It was at a period that forms an epoch in the annals of

the modern drama—the first representation of "Ion." Miss Mitford does not state when this occurred, but Mr. Talfourd has fixed the date in the Preface to the fourth edition of "Ion," which, by the way, was printed over a year before it had the honor of a representation. The date in question was May 26, 1836, and the occasion a benefit-night of Mr. Macready, who succeeded much better than a year or so later with Mr. Browning's "Strafford." Mr. Talfourd gave a dinner-party the same day, at which Wordsworth, Landor, Forster, and Miss Mitford herself, were present. "A large party followed the poet home to supper—a party comprising distinguished persons of almost every class: lawyers, actors, artists, all were mingled around that splendid board; healths were drunk and speeches spoken, and it fell to the lot of the young author of 'Paracelsus' to respond to the toast of 'The Poets of England.' That he performed this task with grace and modesty, and that he looked still younger than he was, I well remember; but we were not introduced, and I knew him only by those successive works which redeemed the pledge that 'Paracelsus' had given, until this very summer, when going to London purposely to meet my beloved friend, I was by her presented to her husband." When this was written, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had been married five years.

The story of the marriage of the Brownings has been told many times, but with what truth, or what falsehood, I have no means of determining. To wish to know about it may be an impertinence on the part of the public, but the impertinence is so universal as regards celebrated persons that they cannot hope to escape it. At its worst, the feeling is more than mere curiosity; at its best, it is a human personal interest, akin to friendship, love, reverence. Who Robert Browning was I have shown, as far as the scanty materials before me would allow: who Elizabeth Barrett was is better known, chiefly through the loving "Recollections" of Miss Mitford, who was the first writer to tell us of the maiden life of her friend, of the great sorrow which fell upon her from the drowning of a favorite brother, and of the long illness which followed, and left her at death's door. "Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I, myself, have often joyfully travelled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house): reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." Precocious from childhood, Elizabeth Barrett entered the lists of authorship with an Essay on Mind ten years before "Paracelsus" saw the light, and seven years later published a translation of "Prometheus Bound." Before "Bells and Pomegranates" came out—I mean the seven or eight numbers which completed the series of writings so entitled—she was famous as the author of "The Drama of Exile"—considerably more famous than the author of "Pippa Passes," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" and sundry other curious dramatic studies. One writer, Leigh Hunt, I think, called her "Tennyson's sister," another, "Shakespeare's daughter." I do not myself feel the force of these complimentary epithets. She has neither the range nor the art of Tennyson, and nothing that suggests Shakespeare, unless it be her frequent extravagance of language. The poet whom she most reminds me of is Robert Browning. She was from the start in poetry, what she was destined to be in fact, viz., the Wife of Browning!

The story of their love has been often told, as I said before, but the only account which I have seen that is at all authenticated is from the pen of Mrs. E. C. Kinney, to whom it was related by Mr. Browning himself one balmy June day when she and the Brownings were pleasuring together at Pratinolo, a royal villa near Florence. I pass over what she says in regard to the early grief and long illness of Miss Barrett (of which I have already spoken), and of her father, a rich widower, who had an unaccountable aversion to the idea of "marrying off" any of his children. What most concerns us is that Mr. Browning fell in love with Miss Barrett's poetry, and sought to make her acquaintance. "Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured out

his impassioned soul into hers, though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmary had hitherto so hedged her about that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course, he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; *au contraire*, to repeat it by letter, and in such wise as to convince her how 'dead in earnest' he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome. But here began the tug of war. As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or any thing in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered."

Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning were married in November, 1846. They proceeded at once to Italy, and resided for a time at Pisa. "They then settled in Florence," writes Miss Mitford, "and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut-forests, and scrambling on muleback up the sources of extinct volcanoes." With the exception of occasional journeys to Paris and London, the Brownings resided at Florence fourteen years. Casa Guidi, the house in which they dwelt, was famous the world over among their admirers. "Those who have known Casa Guidi as it was," says a recent writer, "can never forget the square anteroom, with its great picture, and piano-forte at which the boy Browning passed many an hour—the little dining-room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning—the long room, filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat, and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room, where she always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old stone iron-gray church of Santa Felice. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and old pictures of saints, that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black-wood. Large book-cases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving, selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly-bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keats's brow and face, taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon (Mrs. Browning's good friend and relative), little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. A quaint mirror, easy-chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings that always add an indescribable charm, were all massed in this room. But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair, near the door. A small table, strewn with writing-materials, books, and newspapers, was always by her side."

If I have said more of Mrs. Browning than is quite warranted in a brief sketch devoted to the life and writings of her husband, it is partly because of her great eminence, and partly because it has enabled me to give a glimpse into the wedded life of a great poet. To return, however, to the literary career of Mr. Browning. He brought out, in 1849, a collected edition of his Poetical Works, in two volumes, which were immediately reprinted in this country. In 1850 he published "Easter Day and Christmas Eve;" in 1855, "Men and Women;" and in 1864 "Dramatis Personæ." His subsequent productions are "The Ring and the Book," issued two or three years since; and "Balaustion's Adventure," which his admirers are now enjoying. He wrote, I think, in 1862, an Introductory Essay for a volume of Shelley's Letters, but the spurious character of these documents being discovered, chiefly, as I remember, by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, the volume was rigidly suppressed. After the death of Mrs. Browning, in the summer of 1861, Mr. Browning returned to England, where, I believe, he has for the most part resided since.

The characteristics of Mr. Browning are so marked, that but little critical sagacity is required to detect them. Indeed, they force themselves upon his readers, who cannot escape them, except by refusing to read him. He compels attention, even when he excites dislike. The two qualities which strike me most in his poetry are: first, an intensification of the Dramatic Faculty; and second, the singularity of the method by which it is evolved. Mr. Browning is the greatest dramatic poet since Shakespeare, and, like Shakespeare's, his art is unique. The art of Shakespeare, as I understand it, is large, noble, and obvious. We are never in doubt as to his intention. There are heights in him, perhaps, which few of us can hope to scale, and depths which our plummets fail to sound; but, in the main, he is equable. We can understand his characters and his situations. Hamlet is not too profound for us, in spite of the mist with which the critics have contrived to surround him; and we readily perceive the difference between the innate jealousy of Leontes and the deceived credulity of Othello. Lear, the most stupendous of mortal creations, is a man fashioned like unto ourselves. Even Ariel and Caliban are within the range of our sympathies. I do not feel this to be the case with the *dramatis personæ* of Mr. Browning. Some few of them I understand, many I do not pretend to. Even these last, however, sometimes give me an insight into the human nature they do not embody—clews leading into dark passages and long labyrinths,—the sudden opening of doors, with lightning-like glimpses of chambers beyond. In an instant the doors are shut, the clew is dropped, and I am in the dark. My admiration for the genius of Mr. Browning makes me wish that I stood alone in this; but, unfortunately, the world is in the same predicament.

Mr. Browning has never been a popular poet, and never can be. Perhaps he does not desire to be. Certainly, it is not much to desire just now. There is one thing to be said for Mr. Browning, and that is that if when we have finished one of his dramas, or dramatic soliloquies, we have leisure—I will not say to think it over, for that does not help the matter, but leisure to let his work explain and justify itself, some things that were obscure in reading become tangible in memory—taking, or making, shapes out of the clouds in which they were diffused; in short, orbing themselves into stars of greater or lesser brilliancy and distinctness.

To be a little more explicit, I must return to Shakespeare, if his scholars will pardon my momentary invasion of their province. Shakespeare's characters are all actualities, and the passions they exhibit and develop are such as we find in the men and women we know. We understand them when they speak, and when they act. Mr. Browning's characters are possibilities, perhaps, but we have never met with them. We cannot follow them in their talk, and their actions puzzle us. They are too subtle, too metaphysical, too remote, from mankind. It is wise for a poet to work "from within outward," but he should not work from so far within as never to come to the surface. There is a world of surface-work in Shakespeare, as in Homer, but how delightful it is! Mr. Browning disdains it, except in his "Dramatic Lyrics," which will live when his dramas are forgotten. He excels Shakespeare, I think, in the art—if it be art—with which he makes his characters betray what they really are. They may deceive themselves, but they cannot deceive us. "My Last Duchess" is a fine instance of this art, and "Andrea Del Sarto" another. Nothing in literature is more masterly than the faultless painter's unconscious betrayal of his unknown shame. I know of nothing like this in Shakespeare—nothing so profound in any poet.

I have endeavored to indicate some of the characteristics of Mr. Browning, and by comparing his method with that of Shakespeare to show his merits and his defects. The relation which he holds to the poets of his time, and the place which he holds in English Literature, are not so readily determined. Certain elements at work in Poetry shortly before Mr. Tennyson arose went far to make him what he is; and of these, without entering into particulars, it is sufficient to remark that they existed in Keats; as, for example, in his "Ode to a Nightingale," which is, perhaps, the most poetical poem ever written. Certain other elements went to the making of Mr. Browning; but these are not so easy to detect. They existed in no author before him, but in the literary life of the time, of which they are the result; a result the most unexpected, and, so far, the least rewarded.

The renaissance of English Poetry, in the first years of the present century, and the forms which it chiefly assumed, are so well known, that it would be a waste of words to dwell upon them, further

than to say that, whatever the Form, the Spirit was always that of Story, or Narrative. From the days of Chaucer, Narrative Poetry, Story Poetry, had slumbered. It was awakened by Southey, and Scott, and Byron. Dramatic Poetry slumbered also, from the days of Shakespeare and his immediate successors, and many strove to awaken it. Miss Baillie wrote plays, which dealt with single passions. Coleridge wrote a tragedy; Wordsworth wrote a tragedy; Shiel, Milman, Croly, Maturin, Byron, Miss Mitford, wrote tragedies, some of which were played with different degrees of success. There was a demand for plays then, as there is now, and for the same reason, that there were actors who wanted plays. The actors of that period were men of genius—the Kembles, Kean, and others—and what they sought was worthy of their genius: what the actors of the present period seek is worthy, I suppose, of their genius! An attempt was made to revive the Poetic Drama, and it continued down to the "little hour" of Talfourd and Knowles, when it was abandoned. Mr. Macready was the last actor of note who had faith in it. It was "faith without works."

It is instructive to read the modern Poetic Drama—to see what beauties it has—how sweet, and tender, and manly, much of it is, and—how little it really accomplished.

At last there came a poet who, in all probability, knew nothing about this—certainly a poet who cared nothing for it, if he knew it; and it is to him that we must pay homage for whatever is good, and great, and profound, in the second period of the Poetic Drama of England. It is not what his predecessors sought to find; it is not what Shakespeare found without seeking: it is something never found, and never sought before. That so strange a flower should spring from such roots is marvellous. It is the Body blossoming into Soul!

Such, I conceive, is Robert Browning and his Work.

R. H. STODDARD.

MY ITALIAN ADVENTURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

CHAPTER II.

It was not till the following morning that I remembered there was still much to be accomplished before my claim would be recognized to what was already mine. How was I to gain admission to her father's house? And could I gain his confidence as easily as I had his daughter's? While I sauntered through the arcades, and thought of these things, propitious chance came again to my assistance. I met the correspondent of our house, whom I had visited the second day after my arrival in the city. He was not a little surprised to find me still in Bologna. I pretended that I was waiting advices from my brother-in-law—that we were considering the advisability of establishing a branch house in Italy, and that, too, with especial reference to Bologna. At all events, it was now very uncertain when I should continue my tour, and that, during my stay, I should use my best endeavors to become acquainted with such people as it was desirable to know. Among the names of other families of note, I mentioned that of the general. Our correspondent did not know him himself, but a cousin of his, a young priest, visited the house occasionally, and would willingly introduce me. He cautioned me to beware of the dangerous eyes of the beautiful lady of the house, for, said he, though she has not the reputation of being cruel, yet your time would be wasted, as the young count, her present gallant, does not seem inclined to tolerate a rival.

I responded to this pleasantry as well as I could, and arranged the preliminaries for an introduction. On the evening of the same day, I met the young priest at a *café*, and from there we went to the general's residence, which was in one of the more retired streets. It was a *palazzo* of an unpretending exterior, but very sumptuous within. Costly carpets covered the floors of the halls through which we passed to reach the spacious apartment in which there assembled every evening a small circle of *habitués*—prelates of every rank, military men, and two or three old patricians, but no ladies. My young abbé never tired of enlarging on the good fortune of him who had the *entrée* to this house.

"What a woman!" he sighed. He seemed to cherish the hope that his turn would come sooner or later.

When I entered, the first person I saw was the general, who sat

in an arm-chair opposite an old priest. Between them stood a small, marble-topped table, on which they were playing dominoes. On a stool beside the general lay some sheets of paper, covered with the figures of soldiers, and a pair of scissors. He was in the habit of cutting out these figures when he had no one to play at dominoes with him. My companion allowed me to remain with him but a very few moments. I had hardly gotten through the usual commonplace remarks, to which the old gentleman responded with a good-natured, almost childish smile, and a cordial shake of the hand, when I was led into a small boudoir, where the lady of the house was reclining on a divan, and a long, lavishly-adorned young man sat in a rocking-chair opposite her. Neither of them appeared to me much interested in their *vis-à-vis*. He was languidly turning over the leaves of an album he held in his lap, while the lady was occupied in embroidering, and now and then stroked, with the toe of her brocaded slipper, a large Angora cat, that lay at her feet.

By the subdued light of the sconces, reflected by numberless mirrors, I did not at first recognize in the lady before me the beauty whom I had seen at early mass, although the little fan, with the mother-of-pearl handle, lay on a table near her. She, however, must have recognized me at the first glance. She started up so quickly, as I entered the room, that she loosened her comb, and her hair—of which she had a great abundance—fell down over her shoulders. The cat awoke, and looked at me as though he thought me an intruder; the long young man cast a glance at me that seemed to say, "I wish you were in tophet!" and I myself was so confused, when I saw whom I had before me, that I was most thankful to my companion for giving me no opportunity to say a word, had I been ever so much disposed to do so. She, too, was silent for some moments, but she looked at me with that same steadfast gaze which had made me feel so uncomfortable in the church. It was not till she observed the rudeness of the count, who tried to ignore my presence, that her face became more animated. In a low, fascinating tone, which was the most youthful part of her, she invited me, after having dislodged the cat, to sit down beside her on the divan. Then, turning to the long young man, she said:

"Won't you look over the music I received from Florence to-day, count? I will sing something by-and-by, and shall call on you to accompany me."

His countship seemed at first inclined to rebel, but a determined look from the lady's blue eyes admonished him that she was not in a mood to tolerate disloyalty. We soon heard him strike some chords on the piano in the adjoining saloon. The young abbé, in compliance with a polite request, busied himself in cutting the leaves of some new French novels, so that I alone was left to pay court to the fair hostess. Heaven knows I envied them, and most of all the old canon at the domino-table!

From the first word I exchanged with the lady, I felt an exceeding dislike for her, which increased in proportion as she strove to attract me. I was compelled to exert all my powers of dissimulation to keep up an apparent interest in what she said; for my thoughts were away in the saloon of the villa in the suburbs, and, in spite of all the smoothly-turned nothings of my interlocutor, I heard the soft, child-like voice of my dear Beatrice, and saw her clear eyes fixed on mine with a sad, reproachful expression.

But, in spite of this absence of mind and heart, the lady did not seem displeased with me, either as a listener or a talker. She was, doubtless, as much in error with regard to the cause of my embarrassment as she was with regard to my motive in seeking to be introduced into her house. She complimented me on my fluency in Italian, but said I had a slight Piedmontese accent, which I would hardly have a better opportunity to correct than by joining her evening circle as often as my other engagements would permit. She herself had onerous duties to perform, she said, with a sigh and a glance toward the adjoining room, whence we heard the good-natured laugh of the general, who had just won a game. It was only in the evening hours, she continued, that she really lived. I was young, and the society of a woman, prematurely grave, would, it was true, not be likely to possess any especial attraction for me; but so sincere a friend as I would find in her was worth some sacrifice. I looked very like a brother of hers, whom she had dearly loved, and who died young. This resemblance accounted for her looking at me so intently in the church, and made my visit doubly welcome.

She cast down her eyes with well-assumed embarrassment, and,

with a smile, reached out her hand to me, which I, with well-assumed diffidence, barely touched with my lips.

"In friendship!" said she, in an under-tone.

Some fresh arrivals fortunately relieved me of the necessity of replying. The new-comers were dignitaries of the Church, accomplished men of the world, who treated me as they would have done had I been an old acquaintance. The count also reëntered the boudoir, and whispered a few words to the hostess. Then she led the way, and all repaired to the saloon where the piano stood. She sung the new pieces, and her *cicisbeo* played the accompaniments. Her fine voice was poured forth in brilliant runs and trills, and I thought I observed her glance turn every now and then toward the obscure corner where I leaned against the wall, and, at the end of each song, joined mechanically in the general applause. I thought continually of the other voice I had heard at the general's villa.

Servants in livery entered noiselessly, and served ices and sherbets on small silver trays. The music ceased, and an animated conversation followed. The general appeared, leaning on his cane, and told us with great glee of his having won six games consecutively. He asked me if I ever played dominoes; on my replying in the affirmative, he invited me to return on the following evening and try my luck with him, and then called his valet, as it was his hour for retiring. This was the signal for the guests to take leave. I received another significant smile from the lady of the house, as I hastened away among the first. I longed to be alone, that I might shake off the unpleasant impressions of the evening. But I did not succeed in getting rid of them until the next day, toward evening, when I again directed my steps toward the villa. I had no expectation of being admitted; but I hoped, at least, to get a glimpse of her dress or of the ribbon on her hat.

She stood on the balcony, her eyes turned down the road, as though she expected me. For a time we contented ourselves with looks and gestures; but suddenly she gave me to understand by a gesture that she would come down. A moment later, the little side-door opened, and she came toward me, blushing with love and joy. She reached me her hand gayly through the gate; but, when I asked her if she was not going to admit me, she shook her head gravely, and, placing her left palm on her heart, she asked, with deep feeling:

"Are you not satisfied with being here?"

We were soon absorbed in exchanging sweet and childish words of love. Finally, I told her of my visit to her parents; and, when I spoke affectionately of her father, she suddenly seized my hand, and, before I could prevent it, pressed it to her lips. Of her step-mother and her coquetry I said nothing. She seemed to understand my silence.

"Return to him," said she, "and do your utmost to please him. He cannot fail to love you."

In the evening I, of course, appeared punctually at the general's, and he immediately called me to the domino-table. There were fewer visitors this evening. The old canon, as I took his place, esconced himself comfortably near the window, and was soon snoring. The lady of the house did not remain in her boudoir this evening, but seated herself on a sofa, not far from our table; while the long count, in not the best humor, occupied a seat opposite her. She had given him a novel, and requested him to read to her. He, however, made so many blunders that he soon threw the book aside with an oath, common in Italy, but quite unfit for refined society. The lady rose and beckoned him to follow her into her boudoir, where they carried on a conversation for some time in an earnest under-tone. We overheard her threaten never to receive him again, if he did not mend his ways.

The old gentleman, who had been very merry over his success, listened for a moment.

"What can the matter be?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. A strangely anxious expression passed over his face. He sighed, and for a moment seemed undecided whether he ought to interfere or not. Then he settled back in his chair, and seemed to be lost in thought. The canon awoke, took a pinch of snuff, and offered his box to the general. This restored his equanimity, and we resumed our play. When I finally arose to take leave, he begged me to return again right soon, saying that he liked me for an antagonist. This was said with the grace of a cavalier of the old school, and accompanied by a cordial pressure of the hand. His

wife was less demonstrative, when I took leave of her, than the previous evening; but it seemed to me only on the count's account, with whom a reconciliation had apparently taken place.

Nor was I in error; for, the following evening, the count being prevented by some excursion from appearing at his post, she redoubled her efforts to ensnare me in her toils. I essayed the character of an unsuspecting young man, who, in his inexperience and adolescent simplicity, neither hears, sees, nor understands; but I clearly saw that I was not very successful in deceiving her. She seemed provoked by her failure, and to be resolved to triumph over my real or assumed coldness. Indeed, she became so reckless that she betrayed herself even in the presence of the count, who arrived late in the evening. As for the other guests, they saw clearly how matters stood.

The correspondent of our house soon informed me that I was already beginning to be frequently spoken of. He congratulated me on my conquest, and little guessed how distasteful it was to me. I saw clearly that I could not long delay making my real motive in visiting the general's house known.

A conversation I had with the young count seemed to make this doubly necessary.

I found him, one evening, waiting for me on my return to my hotel. He addressed me with rigid politeness, and asked me, in the most curt and concise manner possible, to either discontinue my visits at the general's house, or to hold myself in readiness for an encounter of a very different character.

"You are a stranger," said he, "and only imperfectly acquainted with the customs of the country, or I would not have taken the trouble to give you this warning."

"Wait twenty-four hours," I replied, "and you will see how absurd any idea of rivalry is between us."

He looked at me astonished; but, as I showed no inclination to make any further disclosures, he bowed, and left me.

Early the next morning—I knew the old gentleman arose betimes—I asked to see him, and was ushered into his sleeping-room, where I found him smoking his long Turkish pipe, and rummaging in some paper boxes that contained his paper army. When he saw me, he stretched out his hand, and thanked me cordially for making him a morning visit, and then offered me a pipe. As I declined the pipe, he insisted on my accepting as a remembrance a couple of his favorite dragons.

My heart almost failed me when I reflected that my future happiness lay in the hands of this weak old man, who was now but a shadow of his former self; but, to my amazement, he seemed quite another being the moment I mentioned his daughter. He became suddenly silent, and his face assumed a grave and even commanding expression. Yet a certain knitting of his eyebrows betrayed the difficulty with which he collected his thoughts even on this theme. I concealed nothing from him, but gave him a circumstantial account of all that had passed between his daughter and myself. He, now and then, nodded acquiescence; and, when I spoke of my love for his daughter, he raised his eyes toward heaven with a solemnity of expression that shed a sort of halo over his noble features. Then I spoke of my fortune and position, and expressed the very natural desire to take my young wife to my home for a time, provided he would intrust his daughter to me—assuring him, however, that I would willingly spend the greater part of the year at or near Bologna, as I could not think of wholly depriving him of his daughter's society.

At this, he seized both my hands and pressed them with more vigor than I thought him possessed of. Then, after throwing his arms around me and embracing me tenderly, he sank back into his chair, and remained silent for some minutes. Finally, he motioned me to assist him, and, when he had regained his feet, he said:

"My treasure, my darling daughter, is yours, my son, and I thank Heaven that I have lived to see this day! Come, we will go and inform my wife of the object and the result of your morning visit. I was drawn toward you from the first moment I saw you, for I was sure you had a kind and generous heart. If I had a dozen daughters, I should be content to entrust them all to just such men as you. But only think—that naughty Bicetta!—to go and fall in love without the knowledge and consent of her old babbo! But they are all alike—you can't trust any of them—no, not one of them, ay, ay!" He sighed deeply, and his face assumed a half-anxious, half-sorrowful expression; perhaps some unpleasant recollection flitted across his

mind. A moment after, he embraced me again, pulled my ear, called me a robber, a traitor, and a hypocrite; then he took me by the hand and led me to his wife's apartments, which were on the other side of the house.

We were met in the anteroom by a maid, who looked at me with wondering eyes, and then, after having first announced him, admitted the general only. Her mistress would receive me in a little while, she said. This was a welcome delay, although the time I was kept waiting seemed very long.

I could not understand what was said in the adjoining room; I could hear, however, that the general spoke in a more commanding tone than I had ever heard him speak before. Then a long whispered conversation followed, until at last the door opened, and the general reappeared, erect and triumphant, as one who has just gained a victory.

"She is yours, my son," said he; "the matter is decided. My wife sends you her congratulations. At first she seemed inclined to make some stupid objections; you see a cousin of hers, a young coxcomb, who is now in Rome, said to us, a year ago, before he left: 'Keep Bicetta for me; when I return I will marry her.' But this was only in jest, and you and I are in earnest, so you shall have her, Amadeo. It is true," he sighed, "I let many things go as they will; I am old and infirm, and the reins often drop from my hands, but, on some occasions, I still insist on having things my way. You have my word, sir; she shall be your wife. Return this evening, you will find her here. Embrace me, my son—make her happy! She deserves much for the love she bears for her old father! She is an angel, sir!"

When I returned in the evening, the house was more brilliantly illuminated than usual, and, as I entered, I found a goodly number of people, who eyed me with great curiosity. In the drawing-room, the general occupied his usual place, as did the old canon; but this evening the dominoes lay untouched on the little marble-topped table, for on her father's knee sat the lovely Beatrice, simply attired, and without any ornaments, save a few pomegranate blossoms in her hair. Her arms were twined around the old man's neck, as though she felt ill at ease in this circle, and had fled to him for protection.

When she saw me enter the room, she left her seat, and, coming forward, stood before me as motionless as a statue, until I offered her my hand. She cast a hasty glance toward her step-mother, who sat on a sofa, brilliantly attired, her hair falling over her beautiful shoulders, and her white, round arm resting on a crimson cushion. It was evident that she had used every art to eclipse the fresh, maiden beauty of her step-daughter. At her side sat the long count, who now seemed to be as content with all the world as he was with himself. When I caught his eye, he nodded to me with an air of gracious condescension, to which I responded with all the haughty indifference I could command. When I approached them, holding the hand of my bride, I clearly saw that the woman changed color, but she congratulated me with winning grace, and reached me her hand to kiss. Then she embraced Bicetta, who submitted mechanically; the trembling of her hand, however, told me what she felt.

Next in order came the congratulations of the guests, and I could not enough admire the dignity and grace my bride opposed to the avalanche of meaningless phrases with which she was overwhelmed. The general, after contemplating her for some time with an expression of delight, motioned us to two chairs, that stood in the embrasure of one of the windows, and then proceeded to play his game with Don Vigilio. Bicetta and I were soon unconscious of our surroundings; the hum of the conversation that was going on around us did not reach our ears. The dim light of an oil-lamp, that hung from a chain stretched across the street, enabled me to see the joyous expression that beamed from the eyes of my beloved, and to luxuriate on her bewitching smile.

The occasion being an extraordinary one, the company remained later than usual. Champagne was drunk, and an old archbishop, who chanced to be passing through the city on one of his pastoral tours, proposed the health of the betrothed. The venerable old gentleman seemed to take an especial interest in me; he insisted that I should accept a seat in his carriage, and allow him to drive me to my hotel. We had been hardly a moment alone together, when the reason for this remarkable condescension appeared.

"You are a Lutheran," said he; and, when I replied in the affirmative, he continued, with a benign tone, "but you will not re-

main one. The great happiness you have just found will lead you to a higher joy. Come to me to-morrow and we will speak further of this."

I did as he requested, but he could not persuade me to deviate from the path I had marked out for myself. I insisted that the same liberty of conscience should be allowed me that I conceded to my wife. As for our children, I would leave their religious teaching to their mother until they arrived at an age when they could judge for themselves. The shrewd old gentleman seemed content with this beginning, and to rely on the future. But, as he could not prolong his stay in Bologna on my account, he resigned me to the care of another keeper of souls, a member of a religious order, who set about his task with so much vehemence and awkwardness that I soon became disgusted with him, and, to prevent being betrayed into the doing or saying of something I might regret, I broke off all intercourse with him, which I saw clearly was strongly censured by certain devotees whom I frequently met at the house of my future father-in-law. But as the cordiality of the general's manner remained undiminished, and as the formal amiability of the mistress of the house remained unchanged, this misfortune was easily borne.

My betrothed, from whom I concealed nothing, encouraged me in my resolution to turn a deaf ear to any further attempts to make a proselyte of me.

"What can they mean? Why can't they allow you to think about these things as you will—as you have been taught to think—as they would think had they been taught as you have been? There is but one heaven and but one hell for us all, is there, Amadeo?" she asked. "If I were to enter paradise and not find you there, I would turn back and not rest till I found you."

When she spoke thus, it seemed to me that I saw Elysium open before me, and the thought that any thing could occur to delay our union never entered my mind.

The wedding was to take place in October. I made up my mind to endure the short interval of two months with all the patience I could command. There was only one circumstance that made me feel uneasy: I had promptly announced my betrothal to my sister and my brother-in-law, and week after week passed without my receiving any reply from either of them. I knew I had no objections to fear on their part, and could account for their silence only by supposing it due to sickness, or to their reluctance to advise me of some serious misfortune. So, in spite of all I had to make me joyous and happy, I grew daily more and more anxious. At last, after three weeks of feverish impatience, the long-expected letter arrived, but it was my brother-in-law only who wrote. He informed me that my sister Blanche had been dangerously ill, and that they still deemed it imprudent to run the risk of agitating her by telling her of my betrothal. If it were possible, he added, they both hoped I would come home for a few days at least. He thought my presence would do much to cheer my sister.

"You must go to them," said Bicetta, after she had read the letter; "you must go immediately—to-morrow. I will bear your absence as well as I can; but you must write to me often—every day if possible. What would I not give to go with you! But that, of course, is impossible. Give my love to poor, dear Blanche, and—deliver that kiss from her affectionate sister."

And this was the first time our lips ever met. Her manner toward her lover was regulated by the severest propriety. In this particular she was a model, such as every man would be glad to see his sister emulate, and such as every woman would emulate if she knew what all men know.

I set out without any misgivings as to my finding things unchanged on my return. The general took leave of me with evident reluctance; it seemed as though he could not release me from his embrace. His wife seemed to feel the liveliest interest in the condition of my sister, and so completely deceived me that on the way, every time I thought of her, I mentally begged her pardon for the injustice I had done her.

I left part of my luggage at the villa, where I had lived for nearly the whole time after my betrothal, and had been made exceedingly comfortable by old Fabio and my good friend Nina. I counted on being back within the month, and hoped to bring my sister and brother-in-law to the wedding. It was arranged that Nina, in the mean time, should go to town to keep Beatrice company. Thus was all, it seemed to me, arranged in the best possible manner, and this

brief separation appeared to be only a sacrifice to the jealous gods before they would allow me to be as happy as man can be on earth.

At home I found things in a better condition than I had imagined them during the anxious hours of my long journey. My sister was out of danger, and the pleasure of seeing me and the news I brought seemed to hasten her recovery.

Their going with me to Bologna on my return was, however, not to be thought of. My sister could not leave her babe, and our business imperatively demanded either my brother-in-law's personal supervision or my own. I had been home scarcely two weeks when both my brother and sister, glad as they were to have me with them, urged me to return to Bologna, for, in spite of the faithful promises Beatrice and I had made to write as often as we could, and although I had not missed a single post, still not a line had I received from her. During my first week at home I was inexhaustible in finding reasons for my disappointment, but, when the week became a fortnight, my anxiety became unendurable. My only consolation was that no great misfortune could have happened to my bride, for, if there had, our correspondent in Bologna would certainly have informed me of it.

I felt that I must return, without further delay, if I would retain my reason. My frame of mind as I travelled day and night can be more easily imagined than described.

It was early morning when my travelling-carriage dashed along the familiar road and arrived at the trellised gate of the villa. I alighted with nervous haste, and pulled the bell violently. Some moments elapsed before my old friend Fabio appeared at the little side-door. When he recognized me, he seemed greatly startled, and, without taking time to button his waistcoat over his naked breast, he hastened toward me with so disturbed a mien, that I cried out in agony, "She is dead!"

He shook his head, and hastily opened the gate; but my sudden appearance had so surprised and confused him that it was very difficult for me to obtain from him an account of what had happened during my absence.

And then, on account of my pallor and worn appearance, he sought to spare me by withholding what he knew must be unwelcome intelligence, while he could in no way have so tormented me as by his hesitation.

He was uninformed with regard to much that had been done privately; he had obtained only a general knowledge of the state of affairs from Nina.

I, who knew the actors in the hellish conspiracy of which he gave me the outlines, was not one moment in doubt with regard to the prime mover in the whole affair.

Hardly had I quitted Bologna when the cousin appeared on the scene from Rome, and preferred his absurd claim to the hand of Beatrice. Did he return, at the suggestion of any one, because I left, or would he have returned when he did had I remained? I could never ascertain.

"He is not much like an Apollo, nor is he any more of a Croesus," said Fabio. "A life of gambling, revels, and adventures, has considerably reduced his fortune, which was never large; but, being of the nobility, and having an uncle who is a cardinal, many people think him a very desirable match. Bicetta always disliked him."

Fabio remembered that she, some three years previously, one day when he was at the villa, boxed his ears for venturing to kiss his little cousin, and, further, that he, laughing, protested he would make her pay for it when she became his wife. Now, the time was near at hand when he hoped to put his threat into execution. The step-mother and all those who had most influence in the matter were on his side, and they had so terrified the old general by talking damnation to him if he married his daughter to a heretic, that they had silenced him, and now had every thing their own way. But, when he saw Bicetta, his eyes would fill with tears, and he would sit in his arm-chair and sob by the hour, like a child. He had ceased to even speak to his wife, for he knew that she was at the bottom of it all.

"And Beatrice?" I asked.

"Ah, poor, dear girl!" exclaimed the old man, "who can understand her? At first, when they said any thing about her giving up the Lutheran, as they call you, she would answer: 'I have pledged my faith to him in the sight of Heaven, and I will keep it, come what will!' Then, when the cousin had sought to persuade her, she calmly said to him: 'You are wasting your time and words, Richino; even

had I never met Amadeo, I should never have loved you.' Then, when he attempted to take her hand, and say sweet things to her, she drew herself up and said, in the hearing of Nina: 'You are a miserable coward, sir, or you would not attempt to take the hand of a woman who tells you she is another's! Be gone, I despise you!' And since then she has not and will not see him; still the marriage is decided on. Bicetta goes about silently, and never sheds a tear, Nina says. She has even ceased to entreat her father, her step-mother, or any one, even Heaven, I dare say, to prevent these nuptials. She has no more received your letters than you have received hers, several of which I myself have carried to the post. It seems that the gentlemen at the post-office know what is expected of them when the nephew of a cardinal wishes to carry off the bride of a foreigner. But it is strange that she should have yielded so soon, for she cannot doubt your fidelity. Nina says they have threatened to put her in a convent if she does not marry this cousin, and surely a convent is no place for our Bicetta. Still, I think it would have been better than to marry this man since she loves another. Her conduct is too much for my old head and for my daughter's, too; for she can no more understand her than I can."

While the kind-hearted old man was telling me all this, I sat, more dead than alive, in a chair opposite the chimney, where we had first pledged our troth. I was incapable of reflection; yes, even the power to feel—to love or to hate—seemed to have been suddenly paralyzed within me.

After a long pause, I recovered sufficient command over myself to inquire when the marriage was to take place.

"This afternoon," replied the old man, in a hesitating tone.

I sprang to my feet, roused from my lethargic mood by the nearness of the event.

"Good Heavens!" cried Fabio, seizing me by the hands, and looking anxiously in my face, "what are you going to do? You know not how powerful they are. If you were to appear openly in the street, who knows whether you would be living to-morrow?"

"I will seek him out," said I, "and tell him that the world is not large enough for both of us, that one of us must die. You certainly can furnish me with a pair of pistols, Fabio. I shall want nothing more; but now leave me for a while."

"A duel!" cried Fabio. "Think of poor Bicetta! What would she say?"

"True!" I replied; and I again felt completely unmanned. "I know not what she would say, but know I must do something, or I shall go mad. Let go my hand and give me my hat. I will go to her, and, if they close their doors against me, I will force them. Circumstances shall determine the rest."

But he would not let me go. He led me back to my chair, and said:

"I certainly do not need to assure you that no one has your welfare more at heart, or the welfare of the signorina and her father more at heart than your old friend Fabio. You must, therefore, listen to my advice, and not run headlong to destruction. If you imagine you would be allowed to see her, you are greatly mistaken. The house, on account of the wedding, is full of new servants. You would fare badly if you should endeavor to see your betrothed with this face. Let me go; they will not refuse me admission, although the signora is not very favorably disposed toward me. In any event, I could ask to see my daughter; so, if you will give me a few lines, you may rely with greater certainty on their being delivered than if you intrusted them to the postal post. Sit down there by the window and write her a note, and, if I know our Bicetta, you will get a reply."

He hastened to bring me writing-materials; but I was so completely unstrung, that I could not hold the pen.

"Never mind," said the old man. "It is not really necessary for you to write. Is it not sufficient to let her know you are returned? If she then still consents to this marriage, a hundred letters would be of no avail."

With this, he left me; but he first exacted a solemn promise from me that I would not leave the house, which was now occupied by no one but him, and that I would open the door to him alone. The sun had now risen above the horizon. The old man returned to me, bringing some bread and wine, for he saw I was sadly in need of something to give me strength; and then, after repeating all his injunctions once more, he set out, leaving me alone in the death-like stillness of this old country-house.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A BOX ON THE EAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLEO.

MADEMOISELLE CLARION was very beautiful, very piquant, and very self-willed, when she appeared at Paris, in 1743, as Venus in the opera "Hesione," and excited universal admiration.

Young as she was, she had already seen not a little of the various phases of life. She had hardly reached her eleventh year, when her mother, anxious to be relieved of the responsibilities of her education, placed her under the care and direction of the conductor of the Italian Opera.

Hardly a year later she sang a small part in an operetta with great success; but, when they wanted her to study parts that did not please her, she ran away, and, under the protection of an old actor whom she knew, and his son, a lad of her own age, joined a company of strolling players.

She appeared in many of the provincial towns, now as actress and now as *cantatrice*, and never failed to be rewarded with hearty plaudits. She led this wandering life, however, for only a few years. Suddenly she bade adieu to her faithful friends, and returned to the Italian Opera in Paris, where she met with a hearty welcome. She had developed into a striking beauty. She was, it is true, of hardly medium height, but her figure was faultlessly symmetrical, and all her movements were so singularly graceful that she was the delight of all observers; indeed, she was a fresh wild-rose among the flowers of the then French dramatic world. Her features were not remarkably regular, but her face was full of expression, and mirrored truthfully every sentiment of the soul. Her eyes were full of fire, her voice was remarkably sympathetic, and her laugh irresistible.

Being of an ungovernable temper when she was angered, she was more feared than beloved by her colleagues, and then she was accused of being unduly ambitious and proud—perhaps even haughty. In fact, among her associates she was not unfrequently called "the queen without a crown." If, however, any one of these jeerers got into trouble; if any one of her sister *artistes* had an end to attain with the conductor or director; if one of them needed any assistance whatsoever, her first appeal was to Clarion, who was afraid of no one, and was always ready to share her last franc with those more needy than herself. Fearlessness and magnanimity were prominent traits in her character to the end of her days, and the gratitude of the many she had befriended was the only treasure she amassed during her brilliant career.

After the representation of "Hesione," all Paris discussed the merits of the new Venus, and the opinion was universal that her talent as an actress far exceeded her powers as a singer. It was even believed that she had the ability to become the worthy successor of the never-to-be-forgotten Adrienne Lecouvreur, if she would exchange the lyric for the tragic stage.

Voltaire, D'Alembert, Lemierre, and St.-Foix, all offered to write a part specially for her, and used all their powers of persuasion to induce her to devote herself to the drama. She finally consented, and studied Dorinde in Molière's "Tartuffe," then Zenobia, Ariadne, and Electra, and finally the part of Zaide, which Voltaire wrote for Mdle. Gaussin. At her first appearance in this latter character, Mdle. Clarion completely overshadowed all its former representatives—Aurora de Livry, Gaussin, and even the beautiful and gifted De Hus.

It now became fashionable among the Paris aristocracy to patronize the rising star. The greatest ladies opened their doors to her, and the first noblemen were proud to number her among their acquaintances. It was astonishing how insensible the youthful actress seemed to all these flattering attentions. She even remained unmoved by those of Prince Conti, the (at one time) royal patron of all the most distinguished opera-dancers. For years no female figure had aroused his highness from his wonted apathy, but now he could not find terms sufficiently expressive to phrase his admiration.

"What a head! what genuine passion, and what incomparable grace!" he exclaimed, when he first saw the new favorite. He determined that the youthful star should acquire additional lustre by allowing it to scintillate in his palace.

Prince Conti was noted through all France for the splendor of his *fiets*. He entertained his friends with lavish expenditure and royal magnificence, in spite of the disorganized condition of his finances; but his reunions were very different in their character, and this difference was

marked even by the manner of extending the invitations. If the royal gentleman entertained the aristocracy; if princesses, duchesses, and marchionesses, with their respective sets, were to be his guests, his *maître de cérémonie* himself drove from *Hôtel* to *Hôtel*, and delivered the ladies' invitations, printed on silk, accompanying them with a beautiful bunch of flowers. When, however, he invited his guests to the suppers he frequently gave, the invitations were verbal, delivered by one of his footmen, and usually only a day in advance. On these occasions the leading dancers and singers, actors and actresses of the various Paris theatres, assembled at his palace, together with a number of the more favored gentlemen of his highness's acquaintance.

Two *artistes* only received invitations when the prince entertained the aristocracy: Rameau's beautiful pupil, the gifted singer and pianist Marie de Halley, and the fascinating Anne Capi de Camargo, a *danceuse*, whose fame was only equalled by her beauty and virtues.

And so it was that, the day after the first representation of "Tartuffe" with the new Dorinde, an informal invitation, which sounded very like a command, was received by Mdle. Clarion, to a supper at the Hôtel Conti. But what a cloud darkened the fair brow of the proud little actress, and how firmly she closed her thin, cherry lips! Still, after a few moments' hesitation, she accepted the invitation of her royal patron.

It was a gay and brilliant company that gathered, on the following evening, in the luxurious *salons* of Prince Conti; but the gentlemen only seemed really cheerful. Over the brows of the younger and older stage princesses there was something that denoted a certain unrest, while their bright eyes seemed to sparkle with an expression of defiance. Were they not compelled to hear again and again the question asked, and more and more impatiently, "Where in the world is Clarion?"

The name of the rising star was on the lips of many, and in the thoughts of all. Every one was curious to see the gifted young actress off the stage—to see whether she was as fascinating when she was herself as when she personated another. The gentlemen seemed absent-minded and little inclined to engage in that kind of repartee and badinage which is the delight of people of wit and the horror of fools. All eyes were turned again and again toward the door, to see the new favorite enter whom the prince had announced with evident satisfaction.

But hour after hour wore on; no Clarion came—she, whom it was proposed to crown queen of the *fête*, did not arrive.

The prince himself became impatient and nervous—a phenomenon so extraordinary that it was deemed almost alarming. His wonted listless expression gave place to something that looked very like anger. His enfeebled figure straightened up, and his somnolent eyes shone with a forbidding lustre. He instructed a confidential servant to go immediately to Mdle. Clarion and inquire why she did not appear.

A half-hour elapsed before the messenger returned. He was immediately surrounded—a greater interest could not have been evinced in the news he brought, had the fate of France been at stake. It was not illness that had prevented the little actress from having the honor to be present at the supper; she was at times so forgetful!

Reclining on a divan, robed in an elegant morning-gown, an illustrated volume in her hand, that she had apparently been looking through, she received the prince's messenger with the air of a *sultana*.

"It is now too late for me to think of having the honor of being your master's guest this evening," said she, listlessly. "You see, I am not in an evening toilet. I had, unfortunately, forgotten his highness's invitation—there was no bouquet to remind me of it. I am sometimes so forgetful! and then, an actress has much to think of, if she aims to accomplish any thing in her art. Say all this to his royal highness, please, and add that I hope he will excuse me."

When the result of the old servant's mission was known, the excitement ran high in the little assembly. Everybody talked and laughed in concert. "What a vain little minx!" fell from a dozen pairs of lips at once. She, young as she was, and comparatively little known as she was, evidently considered herself the equal of Halley and Camargo, and insisted on being treated with like consideration. Her pretentious temerity delighted the men and exasperated the women. An ugly smile encircled the lips of the prince, and some of the ladies, who observed him more closely, noticed that, as he played with his costly ruffles, he made more than one rent in them. "Let

us say no more about her," said he, finally, "but go to supper," and, offering his arm to Mdle. de Salle, he led the way.

Hardly a week passed when Mdle. Hippolyte Clarion received another invitation from Prince Conti; but this time it was printed, and printed in gold, on rose-tinted silk, and accompanied by a surpassingly beautiful bunch of flowers. In this elegant missive, she was solicited to do his highness "the honor" to dine with him three days later.

Hippolyte accepted with a smile. With what a triumphant mien she gazed at the magnificent bouquet! With a single stroke she had attained the desired end. The princely *roué* comprehended the import of the lesson she had given him; he understood that Hippolyte Clarion was not one of the many who were ready to come or go at his simple beck or call. But now she was not disposed to be "out of sorts" with him any longer; on the contrary, she determined to don her sunniest smile and her richest apparel, in order to do all honor to the occasion. He should not regret having introduced her into his aristocratic circle; her manners should convince him that she was not out of her proper place when surrounded by the *élite* of Parisian society. She spent hours before her mirror rehearsing; thus she would enter, bow, turn to the right or left; thus she would manage her long train, and use her India fan. The charming little Hippolyte was certainly greatly pleased with the accomplished Mdle. Clarion. Still better pleased was she with herself when the day arrived, and she saw herself in her yellow robe, the heavy folds of which fell like molten gold. She carried her powdered head, ornamented with a dark-red rose, a little too high, perhaps; but it could not be denied that the slightly haughty, self-reliant air it gave her was, in her case, exceedingly becoming.

It was not yet quite dark when, proud and confident, she drove to the Hôtel Conti. She seemed to be the first arrival—there were no carriages in the court-yard, nor was there any unusual illumination. Nothing, indeed, about the hôtel had a festive appearance. An old servant, in a shabby livery, showed her into a dimly-lighted reception-room. Had she arrived so early? but it was certainly the hour the prince had fixed for the arrival of his guests. And how strange that the room should be without a fire! How badly his highness must be served! Was there not, at last, another arrival? No, it was only a passing carriage.

Shivering and impatient, Mdle. Hippolyte walked to and fro, endeavoring to keep warm, and to curb her rising anger. It was fortunate that the room was furnished with an ample mirror. She could, at least, find a little occupation in arranging her curls, in practising the management of her train, and in self-admiration. But, strangely enough, she was less and less pleased with herself at every succeeding glance. The cold began to redden her nose, between her eyebrows there was an ugly line, and around her mouth there was an expression that was any thing but becoming. Her clock must have been much too fast, or were all the rest of the clocks in Paris wrong? The young actress tried to lighten the leaden moments by repeating, *sotto voce*, the finest passages in the parts she was studying; but it was of no avail—she could not keep down her rising anger. Finally, she could endure it no longer. She seized a little silver bell that was on a side-table, and rang it violently. A servant immediately entered, his large wig drawn low down on his forehead, and approached her with a mien that was little less than insolent.

"Why must I wait here so long?" demanded Hippolyte, in an imperious tone, and with the frown of a Dido. "Where are the other guests, and where is the prince?"

The man bowed slightly, and replied: "The prince dines at court to-day. As for your invitation, madame, he must have forgotten it."

This answer had scarcely fallen from his lips, when the little hand of the youthful actress met the side of the speaker's head so forcibly as to greatly disarrange his big wig, and raise a cloud of dust, or rather powder. When the cloud cleared away, what was Hippolyte's surprise to recognize, in the discomfited expression of the man before her, the master of the house, the prince himself!

For a moment, only, something akin to fright was pictured in Hippolyte's features; but she quickly recovered her self-control, and, looking again at the pitiable figure of him who had expected the pleasure of being himself a witness of her discomfiture and humiliation, she burst into a laugh so fresh, so clear and musical, so unaffected and hearty, that the features of the prince gradually assumed a more genial expression, until, at last, the *blond roué* laughed aloud, not so musically as the joyous little actress, still he laughed right heartily.

And then, with a frankness of manner that did not become him the less for being unusual, he reached out his withered hand, withered before its time, and said: "Pardon me, mademoiselle. Let us be friends."

"We have both deserved our punishment," she replied, reaching him the ends of her rosy fingers, "and the best proof of mutual forgiveness will be, perhaps, for us both to say nothing about the affair for the present, at least. Do you not think so, monseigneur?" she added, archly.

It is not probable that the prince ever made the *petite rencontre* the subject of conversation; he died very soon after it occurred. In her memoirs, Mdle. Clarion only adverted to it; but, during the long years that she was the reigning favorite at the little court of Anspach, she more than once entertained her friends with a recital of all the details, which were as we have narrated them.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"Babe Jesus lay on Mary's lap,
The sun shone in His hair;
And so it was she saw, mayhap,
The crown already there.

"For she sang, 'Sleep on, my little King,
Bad Herod dares not come;
Before Thee sleeping, holy thing,
Wild winds would soon be dumb.

"I kiss Thy hands, I kiss Thy feet,
My King, so long desired;
Thy hands shall ne'er be soiled, my sweet,
Thy feet shall ne'er be tired.

"For Thou art King of men, my Son,
Thy crown, I see it plain;
And men shall worship Thee, every one,
And cry Glory! Amen!"

"Babe Jesus op'ed his eyes so wide,
At Mary looked her Lord;
And Mary stinted her song and sighed,
Babe Jesus said never a word."

Nobody sings those old carols nowadays; but to me they have a heartier, truer ring than any of the new-fangled Christian psalmodies. Yes—it is Christmas-Day, though there is neither snow, nor frost, nor ice; only stripped trees, a chilly little sun, and mild west-wind. Everybody has been to church, has prayed, has crossed his arms, and yawned; has stared at the hollied font and the ivied pillars, at the blue, and red, and gold texts, that tell us the old, old news, that "Christ is born;" has thought of his earthly accounts, and of his account with High God, as the bent of his mind inclines him. Tommy has dropped his mother's smart Prayer-book into a puddle on his way to church; has been hoisted up on the seat, on his arrival there; has made faces at a little girl in the next pew; has broken into audible laughter, during the Second Lesson, at something that tickled his fancy in one of the footmen's appearance; has been privately admonished that expulsion from church, and deprivation of pudding, will be the consequence of continued mirth; has therefore lapsed into tearful gravity, and finally into sleep. Now they are all at home again; Lenore and Paul have succeeded in the object—always a primary one with lovers—of eluding every one else, and are dawdling about in the conservatory till the luncheon-gong shall summon them back into the control of the public eye. The proud camellias, the Roman matrons—Cornelias and Lucretias—of the flower nation, hide no ears under their sleek, dark leaves; the jonquils, whose gold throats are so full of sweets, tell no tales.

"I never saw you in a frock-coat and tall hat before," says Lenore, playfully surveying her lover from head to heel; "turn slowly round, that I may judge of the *tout ensemble*."

"Nor I you in a bonnet."

"You have seen me, however, in a cap," returns Lenore, with a mischievous smile.

Paul looks a little grave.

"Do not abuse it!" cries the girl, laughing. "With all its mis-

demeanors, it was a *blessed* cap, and I have a good mind to be married in it."

"Lenore, I *hate* that episode!"

"Do you? Well, then, we will dig a hole and bury it; all the same" (sighing a little), "though I am a great deal *gooder* than I was, I am not yet good enough to regret it."

"Are you 'gooder' than you were?" (with a fond, but rather incredulous smile).

"Do not you think so?" she asks, eagerly. "Have not you remarked it? Do not you think I am improved?"

Paul is a little puzzled; he has not been here four-and-twenty hours yet; but, as far as he sees, she is the very identical Lenore that he left sobbing on the deck of the St. Malo steamer. She is not sobbing now, and, instead of a water-proof, she is clad in a smart winter-gown and a bonnet with a feather; but, for the rest, he sees no change.

"Have you heard me say any thing fast?" asks Lenore, growing serious.

"No."

"Or slang?"

"No."

"Or seen me get into one of my rages?"

"No," answers Paul, half laughing at the idea of the self-control implied by keeping out of a rage during eighteen hours, of which seven were spent in sleep, and the rest in the company of a favored and adoring lover.

"Have you heard me snub *Jemima*?"

"No."

"Or seen me box *Tommy's* ears?"

"No."

"Well, then, I *must* be improved," cries Lenore, triumphantly; "for, I can tell you, you could not have spent an hour in my society this time last year without seeing me go through some of those *manœuvres*."

"Well, then, you *are* improved," answers Paul, smiling, and smoothing her shining hair; "and we all know there was room for it, do not we?"

"Plenty," replies Lenore, briefly.

"All the same, I did not think you needed much mending that last day at St. Malo," says Paul, indulging himself in looking as thoroughly sentimental as even *Scrope* could have done, now that he is sure that nobody is by.

"You prefer me with my nose swollen and my eyes bunged up, do you?" asks Lenore, gayly. "Good Heavens!" (growing quite grave), "how I hated everybody and every thing that day—*Chateaubriand* and his tomb, and the ramparts, and the old houses, and the steamer, and the stoker, and *Jemima*! Do you know I cried all the way back to *Dinan*; I do not think I stopped for one minute, and *Jemima* and Mr. *Scrope* sat on two camp-stools opposite to me. They did not look at the view, and they did not look at the other people; they kept staring at me the whole way. What possessed them I cannot think."

"I wish I had been there," says Mr. Le Mesurier, looking rather vicious; "I would have turned *Jemima's* camp-stool straight round, and kicked *Scrope* overboard."

"And what would he have been doing meanwhile?" asks Lenore, archly. "Poor Mr. *Scrope*! How bored I was by him those first few days after you went!"

"The *first* days!" echoes Paul, suspiciously. "You were not bored by him *afterward*, then?"

She does not answer immediately, and he has to repeat his question. Then she speaks with perhaps a shade of unwillingness:

"Well, no; I do not think I was. One gets used to things, you know, and he is not a bad boy, after all, and—and—he was almost as useful as *Frederick* himself in running errands."

"And expected the same reward, I suppose?" says Paul, with a sneer.

"I have not a notion what he expected," retorts Lenore, beginning to look rather rebellious, and to hum a tune.

"Lenore! Lenore!" (the sneer disappearing as he snatches her hands, and gazes with anxious, grieved love into her face), "what were the *very last words* I said to you at St. Malo?—do you remember?"

"Perfectly; they were, 'God bless you, darling!'" she answers,

speaking softly, her lips framing the words lovingly, as if they were dear to them.

"Ay, but the words just before them?"

"They were ugly, stupid, unnecessary, jealous words! I do not remember them," says she, impatiently, snatching away her hands, and not perceiving that the first half of her sentence contradicts the last.

"Ugly, stupid, and jealous, they may have been," says Paul, with forced calmness, "as many of my words, I dare say, are; but were they *unnecessary*?"

"What were they?" (very impatiently). "Let us hear them, and have done with them!"

"They were, '*Do not flirt with Scrope!*'"

"Well?"

"Whatever else you do, I know you do not tell lies: *did* you flirt with him?"

"Upon my soul, I do not know!" answers Lenore, ingenuously.

"I would have given you *carte blanche* to bully *Jemima* and maltreat your nephews," says Paul, magnanimously. "What do little flaws in the temper matter compared to—O Lenore! to lower your self and me by flirting with *that boy*, my own friend, whom I myself had introduced to you, and after all I had said to you?—Why do not you turn your face this way? Good God! is it possible that you are *blushing* about him?"

"I am blushing with *rage* at being put through such a degrading catechism!" answers Lenore, coloring scarlet, and flashing indignantly at her lover.

"*Did* you flirt with him?" repeats Paul, sternly; his lips look thin and sulky, and his eyes also sparkle coldly.

"Is sitting by the hour in a person's company, wondering when he means to go, and yawning till the tears come into your eyes, flirting with him?" asks the girl, excitedly, her mouth beginning to twitch, and the tears to gather in her eyes.

"Certainly not."

"Is thinking a man very good-looking, and wishing that he would fall in love with your elder sister, and being sure that he will not, flirting with him?"

"Certainly not."

"Is going endless expeditions to places that you have not the heart to look at, in a man's company, letting him spread his overcoat on the grass for you to sit upon, and carry your prayer-book to church, and forgetting to say, 'Thank you'—flirting with him?"

"No—o."

"Is" (this last query comes much less trippingly and more reluctantly from her tongue than the former one)—"is seeing that a man is going to make a fool of himself about you, and being so shamefully fond of admiration as not to do *every thing* in your power to stop him—is *that* flirting with him?"

"Of course it is," replies Paul, roughly, all his brown face turning white in his deep anger.

"Then I *did* flirt with him!" cries Lenore, bursting into a passion of penitent tears, and throwing herself into her lover's arms, which neither expect nor are willing to receive her.

"You did—did you?" says Paul, cuttingly, not making any attempt to press her to his heart, or otherwise caress her, but, on the contrary, endeavoring to restore her to the perpendicular, which she has abandoned in his favor. "And you can stand there smiling, and tell me so?"

"Not much *smiling* about it, I think," replies the girl, ruefully, wiping her eyes; then, more tartly: "Why did you go on asking me, if you did not want to be answered? O Paul!—Paul!" catching his hand and holding it, "I am not much of a person; long ago I told you that, and you would not believe me. Ah! you see it now—but don't—don't be too hard upon me! I have not been, like your sisters, pent all my life in a good, steady, stagnant English home, where never a man dare look over the park-palings. All my life I have been a Bohemian, as I told you almost the first time that we met—up and down the world, here, there, and everywhere, and I have always had some man dangling after me. I did not care for them, Heaven knows, and I dare say they did not care for me; but they were useful, and pleasant, and made the time pass—"

"As *Scrope* no doubt did! I dare say" (looking very ugly and sardonic, for a sneer deforms the beautifullest face, much more an unhandsome one) "that you did not find the days between June and

December so endless as you expected; perhaps you did not buy that pop-gun, after all?"

"No, I did not," says Lenore, her wrath bursting out into a blaze. "Paul, I warn you that you are going the very best way to hinder me from being sorry for what I did. What am I saying? What did I do? I cared too little about his comings and goings to shut the house-door in the face of a boy, who had got into a stupid habit of staring at me, and who—I own to you—would have loved me if I had let him, without my running after him, and persecuting him in the way I did you"—throwing herself into a rustic chair, and sobbing violently at the reopening of the old wound caused by the reluctant origin of Paul's affection.

Paul hates a scene with all his strength. He kneels down beside her, but even then he is too angry to be able to bring himself to say any thing fond. "Good God! Lenore, stop crying; they will hear you in the drawing-room."

"If I had turned him out of the house," she says, from the depths of her pocket-handkerchief, "I should have met him fifty times a day in the street."

"Why could not you leave Dinan?"

"We had taken the lodgings for six months."

"Lenore!" (very impatiently), what are you going on crying about? What more have I said? It is five minutes to luncheon-time."

"Hundreds and hundreds of times I have told him, honestly, what a bore I thought him!" continues she, drying her eyes, having successfully stained and disfigured her face almost past recognition.

"It implies a considerable amount of intimacy with a man to be able to tell him, to his face, that you think him a bore," retorts Paul, dryly.

"I *seem* intimate with him," replies Lenore, boldly. "Who says I was not?—not I, certainly. He was kind and manly and gentleman-like, which not one of the half-dozen broken-down Irishmen who form the manhood of Dinan was: he was a sort of tame cat about the house, and so near my own age, and altogether—"

Paul winces; he himself was verging on eighteen, full of man's impulses and thoughts, when this his betrothed was born.

"When I gave myself to you at Huelgoat," continues the girl, more calmly, but with profound earnestness in her swimming eyes, "and you took me—more, I think, out of compassion and gratitude than any thing else, but still you took me—did I keep back one smallest fraction to be able to give it to another man? Not a shred! Myself, with all my badness and my goodness—not much of the latter, perhaps—I gave you, and you have it."

"I have—have I?" says Paul, whose harsh face has been gradually softening throughout the last sentence, and at the end looks almost mollified. "Well, then, with your permission, I will keep you, and not hand you over to Mr. Scrope, manly and gentlemanlike as he no doubt is, and also so much more suitable to you in age, as you kindly reminded me just now. Lenore, I have been counting: I was eighteen the day you were born."

"And I am sure you were an ugly, gawky, hobbledohoy, all arms and legs! I am very glad I did not know you in those days," says Lenore, laughing; then, quite gravely: "Paul, never pretend to be jealous of me again! It is patent to everybody that I love you a hundred times better than you do me; you know it yourself, and I—I am not blind to it."

"Bosh!" says Paul, turning away uneasily, not feeling exactly guilty; for he does love her heartily, yet with an uncomfortable lurking sensation that there is a grain of truth in what she asserts.

"It is the way of the world, I suppose," says the girl, sighing. "One gives, and the other takes; it would be superfluous for *both* to give, would not it? Perhaps some day—some far-off day—the balance will be changed, and we shall love each other equally; till then—"

"Till then," says Paul, gayly, mimicking her tone—"till then, Lenore, let us go to luncheon, and eat so many mince-pies as to incapacitate us for afternoon church."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE American public was, undoubtedly, surprised by the simple and business-like addresses of the Western Indians who visited Washington a year ago to confer with our Government in relation to

their own affairs. The speeches of Red Cloud and his companions, as translated, were manly and direct presentations of their views and wrongs. They are hardly such as would be called eloquent, nor are they of a character to give their authors the right to be called orators. They are very far removed in style and imagery from the fragments of Indian eloquence which have been preserved and become historical. Every school-boy's heart has been touched with the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, as reported by Mr. Jefferson. He gave it to the world to demonstrate the falsity of the notion, prevalent at the time in Europe, that American air tended to the deterioration of our race. The criticism that he, instead of Logan, was its author, for that no savage could have been the author of such touching eloquence, was an admission of its rare beauty. Logan was a Cayuga; his appellation of Mingo was one of those given to the Iroquois, or Five Nations, who inhabited the State of New York from the mouth of the Mohawk on the Hudson to Lake Erie, and extended their sway southerly to the Carolinas. They have very appropriately been called the Romans of North America. Fierce and warlike, like the early Romans, they conquered to make friends and allies of the vanquished. Early in the eighteenth century they adopted into their confederacy the Tuscaroras, a tribe who had occupied the valley of the river Neuse, in what is now North Carolina. The Oneidas gave them lands in what is now a part of Oneida and Madison Counties, New York, and constituted them a sixth nation. After this the confederacy was called the Six Nations. Subsequently, the Senecas invited the Tuscaroras to occupy a portion of their lands, and the Oneidas then invited the remnant of the Mohegan Indians, living on the river Thames, in Connecticut, and in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to come and occupy a portion of their domain. The appellation of the Six Nations was given to them by the English and Dutch settlers on the Hudson and Mohawk. In their own tongue they call themselves *A-gonish-i-o-mi*, ("The dwellers in the long wigwam"), in reference to the extent of their home, reaching from the Hudson to Lake Erie; and their people, *On-gu-e-Hon-ue* ("The men surpassing all others").

It is from these people that most, if not all, the specimens of Indian eloquence have originated. In his discourse before the New York Historical Society in 1811, the late De Witt Clinton asserted that "you may search in vain in the records and writings of the past, or in the events of the present times, for a single model of eloquence among the Algonkians, the Abenakis, the Delawares, the Shawanese, or any other nations of Indians except the Iroquois." He refers to, and gives extracts from, the speech of the Onondaga orator Ga-ran-gu-la, to De la Barre, Governor of Canada, in 1683, copied by Lieutenant-Governor Colden and other early American writers; from the touching address of sympathy of the Mohawk chiefs to the magistrates of Albany after the sacking of Schenectady in 1689; from that of Good Peter, an Oneida chief, to Governor George Clinton in 1788, upon the State authorities declaring void a lease obtained from the Oneidas fraudulently for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, covering the greater part of their lands. These all indicate eloquence. Good Peter was a convert to Christianity, under the labors of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the Apostle of the Oneidas. The story is told of him that, upon a Sunday when the missionary's congregation were assembled for worship, and he was too unwell to preach to them, he asked Good Peter to give them a few words of exhortation. Good Peter modestly arose and commenced speaking to his countrymen of the benevolence of the Eternal in sending His Son, who was one with Him, to take upon Himself the form of a man, and suffer for the redemption of sinful men. After alluding to our Saviour's mission, and His lowly walk among men, he said: "And yet He was the great God who created all things. He walked on earth with men, and had the form of a man, but He was all the while the same Great Spirit: He had only thrown His blanket around Him."

Within the memory of many persons now living, *Sa-go-ye-wat-he* ("He-keeps-them-awake"), known as Red Jacket, the Seneca chief, has ably illustrated the records of Indian eloquence. He knew very little English, and the language of his orations had to bear the dilution of a translation in coming to us. Those who heard him speak, represent his expression, gesticulation, and tones, as wonderfully beautiful; and the translators, men of no poetic perceptions or talents, always declared their inability to transfer the beauty of his sentences into English. And yet, with all the difficulty of translation, there are passages which are wonderfully touching. At Hartford, in 1797, in speaking of his people, he said:

"We stand a small island in the bosom of the great waters. We are surrounded. The evil spirit rides upon the winds. The waters are angry. They swell; they press upon us; and when the waves once settle over us, we shall disappear forever. Who lives to mourn over us? No one! What marks our destruction? Nothing! We are mingled with the earth, and water, and air."

His reply to a Christian teacher, who, at a council of the Senecas, held in 1805, sought permission to establish himself as a missionary among them, contains many beautiful passages. We select the following:

"Listen to what we say. There was a time when our fathers owned this great island. Their seat reached from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for the Indians. He made the buffalo and the deer for our food. He made the bear and the beaver. Their skins were our clothes. He scattered them over the land, and taught us how to take them. He made the earth give us corn for bread. He did this for His red children because He loved them. An evil day came. Your fathers came on the great water, and stepped upon our island. They were few—feeble. They found friends here—not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own land for fear of wicked men, and came here to worship their Great Spirit. They sat down among us. We gave them corn and gave them land. They gave us poison in return—your fire-water. More came. We did not fear them. We believed them our friends. They called us brothers. We gave them a larger seat. They increased. They wanted more land; they wanted all our country. Then our seats were large; then yours were small. Now you have become a great people, and we have left hardly land enough to spread our blankets on."

"You have been preaching to the white people here. They are our neighbors. We know them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If it does them good, makes them honest, and stops cheating Indians, we will again consider what you say."

On an attempt, made in 1822, to negotiate a purchase of some of the Senecas' lands, Red Jacket replied to the commissioners:

"We first knew you a feeble plant which wanted a little earth to grow in. We gave it to you, and afterward, when we could have trodden you under our feet, we watered and protected you. Now you have grown to be a great tree; your top is in the clouds; your branches spread over all the land. We were then the tall pine; now we have become the feeble plant. When you came here, you clung to our knees; you called us father. We took your hand, we called you brother. You have grown so we cannot now reach up to your hands. We wish to cling around your knees and be called your children. A little while ago you lifted the war-club against him who once was your and our great father over the water. You asked us to go with you to war. It was not our quarrel. We did not know whether you were right. We did not ask. We did not care. You were our brothers, that was enough, we went with you. We fought and bled for you. Now, when our Great Father sees blood running fresh from the wounds we received in fighting your battles, dare you tell us He has sent you to ask us to sell the birthplace of our children and the graves of our fathers?"

The Oneidas have been the peers of their brethren in eloquence. The name, properly pronounced *Oniota*, means "a man of the stone," and, with an additional syllable—*aug*—"the people of the stone." It is connected with a very poetical legend. The tradition is, that the nation sprung from four Onondaga brothers, who married four sisters, and took up their abode near the outlet of Lake Oneida. As they began to have families, a large, unhewn stone came into their neighborhood, to be their sacrificial altar. Around it they held their annual feasts, and upon it they sacrificed their victims, and there slit the ears of their sons when they first went on the war-path. After a few generations, it was concluded by their descendants to remove to a new home near the head of the lake. When they arrived there, they found the stone had preceded them—to be there their sacrificial altar. They remained in their new home until they had greatly multiplied, when they again removed to a point on the Oneida Creek, some fifteen miles south of the Central Railroad. Again the stone went with them, and deposited itself upon a beautiful hill in the present town of Stockbridge, Madison County, which overlooks the whole valley of the Oneida Creek, and there remained so long as the Oneidas preserved their national character. This stone gave the nation its name.

Onis is the Indian word for stone, and they gave themselves a name to indicate that they were its children, over whom it watched. When Sir William Johnson addressed the representatives of the Six Nations, exhorting them to maintain their friendship with the English, he asked the Oneidas to let them rub the moss from the stone.*

Good Peter, mentioned above, was an Oneida. Sconondoa, another Oneida, a distinguished chief as well as orator, has left several speeches, which appeared in the publications of the day, quite as beautiful as any which have fallen from the lips of any of his race. He must have been born about the year 1700. During the war between the English and French, from 1756 to 1758, he was a war-chief fighting with the English; and, during the War of the Revolution, was a friend of the colonial forces. It is said that, in early life, he was accustomed to indulge freely in ardent spirits when an opportunity offered, and that being present at Albany in 1755, at the negotiation of a treaty with the Iroquois, he became one night very drunk, and found himself in the morning stripped of his clothing and ornaments, and completely naked. Deeply mortified with his degraded condition, he resolved never again to taste the fire-water, and he faithfully kept his resolution. Under the ministrations of Mr. Kirkland, who was established at Oneida several years before the Revolutionary War, he became a Christian convert. His friendship for his Christian pastor knew no bounds. The latter died in 1808, and was buried in Clinton, near Hamilton College. Sconondoa survived him several years. He had become blind, but retained his love for his spiritual father, and waited with Christian hope and Christian resignation the summons that should call him to meet him. Several winters before his death he spent at Mr. Kirkland's home, then occupied by his widow and his youngest daughter, afterward the first wife of the late Professor Robinson, of the Union Theological Seminary, hoping to breathe his last sigh where his Christian teacher died. He constantly expressed the hope that, when dead, he should be laid beside him in the narrow house, so that he "might go up with him at the great resurrection." The desire to die where Mr. Kirkland died was not gratified. He breathed his last at his own home, near Oneida Castle, on the 11th of May, 1816. When he felt the approach of death, his great-granddaughter read at his bedside prayers suitable for a dying man. When she finished, he calmly repeated to her his wish that his dust should sleep beside that of his long-beloved pastor. This wish was fulfilled. His remains were brought to Clinton by his countrymen, and followed to their resting-place by honored citizens of Oneida County, who had known him only to respect and venerate him. Loving hands then deposited them by the side of the missionary's, to rest together until the resurrection morn. A few years before his death, when a friend called upon him and expressed an interest in his health, he replied to him:

"I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged has run away and left me. Why I live, the Great Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait until He calls me to Him."

A speech which he made to a council of his countrymen, upon discovering that a treaty had been negotiated at Albany by which their chiefs had sold to the State a large portion of their cultivated lands, translated as it fell from his lips, and preserved by the Rev. William Jenkins, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Kirkland as missionary to the Oneidas, is given in the appendix to Stone's "Life of Red Jacket." The author gives it as having been made about the year 1816. It must have been delivered several years before that. Sconondoa died in May of that year, and, for a good while before his death, had taken little part in the affairs of his people. The writer hereof has before him a manuscript copy, of very early date, in which it is stated that Sconondoa was one hundred years old when he made this speech, which,

* The subsequent history of the sacred stone may not be uninteresting. It remained there until long after the place it occupied had ceased to be a part of the Oneida territory. Nearly twenty-five years ago, Governor Seymour, with Mr. J. A. Spencer, then of Utica, and the writer, made a pilgrimage to it. The owner of the land on which it stood cheerfully assented to a proposition to have it removed to the beautiful rural cemetery, then being prepared, near Utica, where it might forever remain a monument of the People of the Stone. At the opening ceremonies of the cemetery, the remnants of the Oneidas and Onondagas, resident in their ancient seats, were present. Ononogoon, the head chief of the Oneidas, made them an address, interpreted by To-wat-sun-kus, and then the multitude sang their national songs around the stone, and surrendered it to the care of their white brethren to preserve for future times.

therefore, must have been near the commencement of this century. We give it from this manuscript. In reading it, we should bear in mind how much it must have suffered in the process of translation. The manner of delivering an address by an Indian orator is peculiarly impressive. He utters a sentence, then pauses quite long enough for one familiar with the language to translate and write it into English. In the mean time, the orator maintains a statuesque position, and, by his expression, seems to be penetrating the thoughts of his hearers, while waiting to utter the next sentence. In the manuscript, the translator writes: "The tears ran plentifully, all the time Sconondoa was speaking, from his own eyes, and those of every one of the council. The most hard-hearted man would have melted into tears, could he have been present and heard the speech in the Indian tongue, the inflections and tone of which are peculiarly expressive and moving."

"My warriors—my children! Hear, it is cruel. It is very cruel. A heavy burden lies on my heart. It is very sick. This is a dark day. The clouds are black and heavy over the Oniota-people. A strong arm lies heavy upon us, and our hearts groan under it. Our fires are put out: our beds are removed from under us. The graves of our fathers are destroyed, and our children are driven away. The Almighty is angry with us, for we have been wicked. Therefore, his arm doth not keep us. Where are the chiefs of the rising sun? White chiefs now kindle their ancient fires. There no Indian sleeps but those who are sleeping in their graves. My house will soon be like theirs. Soon will a white chief kindle his fire here. Your Sconondoa will soon be no more; his village no more a village of Indians."

"The news that came last night from Albany by our men has made this a sick day in Oneida. All our children's hearts are sick. Our eyes rain like the black cloud that roars upon the trees of the wilderness. Long did the strong voice of Sconondoa cry, 'Children, take care, be wise, be straight.' His feet were then like the deer's, and his arm like the bear's. Now he can only moan out a few words, and then be silent. His voice will soon be heard no more in Oneida. But he will long live in the minds of his children, and in white men's minds. Sconondoa's name has gone far; it will not die. He has spoken many words to make his children straight. Long has he said, 'Drink no strong water. It makes you mice for white men, who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you. Their mouth is a snare; their way like the fox. Their lips are sweet, but their heart is wicked.' Yet there are good white men, and good Indians. I love all good men; and Jesus, whom I love, sees all. His great day is coming. He will make straight. He will say to cheating white men and drinking Indians, 'Begone ye—go—go—go!' Certainly, my children, He will drive them away. In that day I will rejoice. But, oh, great sorrow is in my heart, that many of my children will mourn. The great Jesus hath looked on all the time the whites were cheating us. And it will remain in His mind. He will make all straight again. Long have I believed His good words, and, as long as I live, I will pray to Him. He is my good Saviour; my blind eyes He will open; I shall see Him. Children, His way is a good way."

"Hearken, my children. When this news sounds in the great council-house toward the setting sun,† and the chiefs of the Six Nations hearken, they will send to the great council by the great lake‡ near the setting sun, and they will cry, 'Make bows,' and they will sharpen their tomahawks, and put the chain of friendship with the whites into the ground, and cry, 'Warriors, kill—kill!' But my messengers shall speak true words in the great council-house toward the setting sun, and say yet, 'Bury the tomahawk; Oneidas must be children of peace.' Children, some have said that your chiefs have signed papers of white men, that they would let the tomahawk lay them low. We know that one of our men was hired by white men to tell our men this, and he will now tell you so. Papers are wicked things. Sign none of them but such as our minister reads to us. He is straight. We now see his tears running like ours.—Father, you are our minister. Dry up your tears. We know if your arm could, it would help us. We know wicked men speak ill of you for our sakes. You suffer with us. But you are Jesus' servant, and He will love you no less for your loving Indians.—Children, our messen-

gers will run and carry our sorrows to the great council-fire toward the setting sun. Run, my children, and tell our words. Give health to all the chiefs assembled around the great fire; and may Jesus, the great Saviour, bring you back safe!"

Sconondoa is said to have been surpassed in eloquence by another Oneida chief, known by the sobriquet of *Plattkopf*, given him by the German settlers on the Mohawk. He, however, never possessed the moral influence over his nation which Sconondoa did. An account is given of an address made by him at a council of the Oneidas, convened in the latter part of the last century, to determine whether to sell a portion of their lands to the State. The council was held beneath a very large pine-tree, known as the council-tree, which then, and for many years after, stood on the south side of the western turnpike-road, a short distance west of the village of Oneida. The men and women of the nation were assembled around it. The project had been canvassed by the warriors and women for two days; and, according to the custom of the Six Nations, the final decision as to the sale of lands had to be made by the squaws, who, being the cultivators, were, by a most equitable rule of Indian law, which antedated the modern movement for women's rights and female suffrage, regarded as the proprietors of the soil. The question now to be decided was, should the national domain, already very considerably circumscribed, be still further diminished. One after another had spoken, when Plattkopf arose. He commenced by painting the glory of their nation before the white man came. He said it was then full of strength, and vigor, and beauty. He looked upward, and pointed to the tree under which he stood, which, although still of great size and beauty, was visibly marked with age and symptoms of decay. "We were like this council-tree," he said. "It was then full of life, and vigor, and beauty. It was the Oneidas' tree. It drew its nourishment from the ground; it was not cramped and confined; it could draw its sap from all the land, for the Oneidas owned it all: they had parted with none of it; and, as it could draw its sap from all the land, it grew and put forth more branches and more leaves, and sent out new roots, and spread them farther in the ground. It became strong and very beautiful. So did the Oneidas. As the tree grew, so did the Oneidas. The white man came. We sold him a portion of our land. A root of the tree, which drew its sap from that land, withered; when it withered, a branch died, and the tree lost some of its beauty. Again the white man came. We sold him another piece of our land; another root withered, and another branch died, and the tree became less beautiful and less vigorous. The white man came a third time. We sold him another piece of land; another and another root withered, and another and another branch fell down, and we now see our tree; though beautiful, it has lost its branches; it no longer sends forth new roots, and puts forth new branches; it is cramped; it has not the land to draw sap from which it had; and we, where are we? The white man has come again; he wants more of our land. Shall we sell him another piece? shall we let the tree under which our fathers sat lose another and another root, and cause another and another branch to fall?" He dwelt upon the figure, and continued his parallel between its decay and that of his nation, should it part with more of the land which was to nourish and strengthen its life and beauty, until the warriors, as well as the women, were prepared with unanimity to reject the proposition to sell their lands.

Few of the race which have left us such specimens of eloquence still survive. The confederacy of the Six Nations no longer exists. The Mohawks and Cayugas have a home in Ontario; a few of the Oneidas and Onondagas remain on lands once owned by their fathers, and the residue with us have found homes in Wisconsin. The Senecas and Tuscaroras retain a small portion of their former domain. Some of them have adopted the civilization and the religion of the white man, but with many the vices of civilization have had more influence than its virtues. And it is probable that, within not many years, the only remnants of the race will be found mingled with and lost in the blood of the white man. The themes which awakened their eloquence have passed away. They are now hardly children of the forest. The poetic elements with which their lives were surrounded have ceased to exist. Their language, singularly soft and beautiful in its tones and articulation, is daily becoming extinct, and soon it may be that all that shall be left of Indian eloquence will be its history.

WILLIAM TRACY.

* The Mohawks, whose home was easterly from the Oneidas, and who, after the Revolutionary War, removed to Canada.

† At Onondaga.

‡ At the Seneca nation.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

NO planet belonging to the solar system is more interesting or more fruitful in speculative theory than Jupiter. Important and wonderful discoveries are being made by astronomers in the constitution and habits of this planet, which seem to be a key to the still greater discoveries remaining for future students of the science of the stars.

The theory that Jupiter is a minor sun, not self-luminous like the grand central luminary, but giving out heat, and perhaps a faint light to the four moons, or worlds, revolving around him, is now gaining ground among the most diligent observers of this distant orb.

But, before giving evidence for this interesting theory, let us first note some of the well-known facts in the physical history of this prince of planets. In bulk he exceeds all the other planets of the system combined. He has a volume more than twelve hundred times larger than that of the earth, although such is his small specific gravity that his mass is only three hundred times heavier than our own. This great globe sweeps around the sun in a majestic curve, which it takes nearly twelve years to complete, and yet whirls round on his axis in less than ten hours, so that his day is less than half of ours. He lies more than five times farther from the sun than we do, and therefore receives twenty five times less light and heat. His axis is perpendicular to his orbit, so that changes of seasons are unknown in his long year, which is equal to nearly twelve of ours. Let us, then, picture to our mind's eye this immense planet pursuing in space his stately course, rotating with inconceivable velocity on his axis, nobly swaying his family of satellites, and forcing comets and meteor-systems into new orbits by his sovereign will.

The first question which naturally suggests itself to our minds is, In what points does this planet resemble the earth? Here we find, instead of the anticipated analogy, a series of marked contrasts. In density, bulk, rapidity of rotation, length of seasons, and in the known peculiarities of his complex subordinate system, there is little accordance with terrestrial phenomena. The solar system seems, indeed, to be divided into two distinct portions by the zone of the asteroids, the four interior worlds resembling each other, and the four exterior ones in striking contrast to them, and developing as striking an analogy to the sun. With the three exterior planets we have nothing to do in this article, but for the planet Jupiter we claim a physical condition analogous, though subordinate, to the great central luminary, and we hope to prove that all observations on its surface tend to substantiate this assertion.

While we find nothing but contrasts in comparing the earth and Jupiter, when we institute a comparison between the planet and the sun, we find a remarkable correspondence of conditions. And, first, the density of the two bodies is very nearly the same, which leads us to infer a similarity in physical development, and suggests a condition very different from that of our globe.

Secondly, the amount of light received from Jupiter is much greater than is due from his size and position in the system. Although he is sometimes seven times as far from us as the planet Venus, his light is almost as brilliant. According to the late Professor Bond, he gives out to us more light than he receives from the sun. Zöllner, the German photometrician, says that he sends much more light than a planet of equal size, and constituted like Mars or the earth, could possibly reflect to us if placed where Jupiter is. While Mars reflects only one-fourth of the light he receives, Jupiter reflects more than three-fifths. It seems probable, therefore, that Jupiter shines partly by his own light, and we must also infer the existence of great heat.

Thirdly, careful observers have noted a great change in the form of this planet at different times, the outline taking on a rectangular appearance, and indicating great commotion in the chaotic elements of which it is composed.

Fourthly, the most interesting researches connected with the study of this planet relate to the rings, or belts, which diversify his surface. Ever since the invention of the telescope they have formed material for wonder and speculation. These belts are not outside the planet, like the rings of Saturn, but are lying above the surface of the globe we see. His telescopic appearance is that of a disk, and across this disk bright and dusky belts are plainly visible lying in parallel lines. We can watch the changes in these belts, and the irregularities in

their motion. We see curious streaks and ovals carried across the disk, and note their return just as if they were attached to his surface and borne onward by his diurnal rotation. These belts are beginning to attract the attention of astronomers as among the wonderful phenomena whose elucidation they have almost grasped.

There is usually a bright belt across the centre of the disk, called the equatorial belt. This is often pearly white in color, and has, on either side, two dark belts, often copper-colored, reddish, or purplish in hue. These alternate light and dark streaks follow to the poles. The dark belts are of a ruddy hue; the light zones, yellowish white near the equator, and gray near the poles. The common explanation of the belts has been to consider them as due to atmospheric clouds, raised by the sun's influence over the equatorial regions of Jupiter, and to attribute their motion and peculiar appearance to the influence of trade-winds, caused by the swift rotation of the planet. But recent observations fail to confirm this theory, while they strengthen the belief that it is an inherent force in the planet that produces the extraordinary phenomena.

It is well known to all students of astronomy that, for the last twenty or thirty months, the sun has been passing through a period of great physical disturbance, called "The Solar Epoch of Magnetic Storm," and also that this period occurs once in about eleven years. We say "about," for celestial phenomena are not measured by mathematical line and plummet, but pass from maximum to minimum by gradual change, in obedience to the countless material forces exerting their influence at the same time. During this period, which is just passing away, immense spots have been visible on his surface, some of them large enough to be seen by the naked eye. They have been so numerous, have lasted so long, and have changed in form so rapidly, that they have furnished the fullest evidence of great disturbance of the solar forces. Their influence has been felt upon the earth in various forms of magnetic disturbance. Magnificent auroras have spanned the skies, earthquakes, drought, furious gales, and raging storms, have manifested the sympathy of our little planet in the commotion agitating the surface of the sun.

Now, astronomers have not yet arrived at any conclusion which is entirely satisfactory in regard to the cause of this seeming disorder in the system; but of one thing they feel sure, and this is, that the planets, in some unexplained manner, influence the sun's atmospheric envelope. Our fair neighbor Venus has some influence, but the distant planet Jupiter, exceeding in mass the whole family combined, has much the largest share in producing the trouble. Curiously enough, this stormy epoch occurs just after the lapse of a period equal to one of his revolutions, and when he is in that point of his orbit nearest to the sun.

And now we come to the most trustworthy evidence bearing upon our theory of the resemblance of the two globes. At the very time of the recent epoch of solar storm, the planet Jupiter manifested a similar abnormal condition, clearly shown by the great changes observed in the external appearance of his belts.

The equatorial belt, usually white, has been ruddy, orange, and coppery, ochreish, greenish yellow, and has passed through numerous tints of red and yellow, but has not once exhibited a normal tint. This belt, and the two belts each side, have changed rapidly in form. Dark projections have been flung into the equatorial belt, making it take on the appearance of a net-work of ovals. The whole aspect of the planet has been indicative of mighty processes at work, whose origin must take rise within the planet itself. We gather these facts from the evidence of many skillful and practical observers, including Mr. Browning, the optician, Mr. Webb, and others. To Mr. Proctor, whose interesting contributions to astronomy are so well known, we are also indebted for facts in a recent article contributed to *St. Paul's Magazine*. Mr. Browning, greatly distinguished in his department of science, has made a colored drawing of this noble planet as he saw it through a twelve and a half inch telescope with a Browning reflector, on the 31st of January, 1870. His careful eye noted the strange color-changes we have already described. He made his observation on one of those few fine nights which are the delight of the telescopicist, when only these exquisite shades and contrasts of color can be discerned. He says, enthusiastically, that there is a muddiness about all terrestrial colors when compared with the objects seen in the heavens; and that these colors could not be represented in all their brilliancy and purity unless we could dip our pencil in a rainbow and transfer the prismatic tints to our paper.

If we go back to the epoch of solar storm in 1860, we find a

corresponding disturbance in the Jovian equilibrium. On the 29th of February of that year, Mr. Long, of Manchester, noticed across a bright belt an oblique, dusky streak. The length of this dark rift was about ten thousand miles, and its width at least five hundred miles. But its extent and position were by no means its most remarkable features. It continued as a rift, revolving with the planet for at least one hundred Jovian days. Finally, it grew, and, lengthening out, it stretched across the whole face of the planet until it reached one hundred thousand miles in length, and moved at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Professor Herschel and Mr. Browning made observations on this planet simultaneously in January, 1869, which agreed perfectly. Professor Herschel speaks of the "egg-shaped masses" into which the equatorial belt seemed to be divided. Mr. Webb, observing in November, 1869, writes of the equatorial belt that "solid ellipsoids seemed to stand out of, or be suspended in, a depressed channel, like a modification of the moulding known as 'bead and hollow' in architecture."

We have another analogy between the two bodies we are comparing. The solar spots do not move with a uniform rotational motion, as a country on the earth is carried round by her rotation, but spots travel faster near the sun's equator than spots nearer the poles. Mr. Carrington has shown that a point on the sun's equator is carried round in four days less time than a point midway between the equator and the southern pole. This is also true of Jupiter where the equatorial parts of the atmosphere travel with swifter rotatorial movement than the other portions, and perform their circuit in a shorter time, as in the swift advance of the equatorial end of the great Jovian rift.

We have thus given all the evidence that we can collect in support of the theory that the planet Jupiter is a subordinate sun, and in a very different physical condition from the earth. We base our evidence on the following facts: The solar epochs of magnetic storm synchronize with periods of great Jovian disturbance, and occur when the two bodies are at their least distances.

The accelerated motion of openings in the equatorial belt of the planet finds a correspondence in the velocity of the equatorial sun-spots. The changeable condition of Jupiter's atmospheric envelope, manifested in his varying outline, accords with well-known observations on solar "rosy protuberances." The amount of light received from him is much greater than is due from his size and distance. His mean density is very nearly the same as that of the sun.

We give these thoughts simply as a suggestive theory. The researches of the future can alone determine if it must remain as a theory, or whether more careful study and clearer light shall substantiate these facts, and build upon them a noble illustration of the forces which sway the material universe, and in the long process of ages cool down a burning sphere to become fit habitation for living beings. When changes on the Jovian planet have been studied and noted down for many years, as Carrington and other astronomers have been doing for sun-spots, then may we hope for more light in the elucidation of the unsolved problem. Meantime, a deep interest is attached to every changing phase of this noblest creation of the planetary worlds, whether we watch its radiant glow among the stars in the soft evening light, or note its path as co-herald with the dawn, or, with its surrounding moons and variegated belts, make it a delightful object of telescopic study.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

CHICAGO.

NIGHT sank upon the city,
O'er river, lake, and plain—
Over the mart and palace—
Hiding the want and pain.
But o'er the sleeping multitude
No kindly veil was drawn,
Hiding the fearful waking—
Hiding the dreary dawn.

Sudden the flames burst, roaring
Mid clash and clang of bell,

Fanned by the fierce tornado—
A surging, fiery hell,
Into whose seething bosom
Crash spire, and roof, and wall—
While high the lurid firmament
Hangs like a purple pall!

Under the burning bridges
The flaming vessels sail
Over a molten river,
Driven before the gale.
What shrieks of awful anguish,
What groans of deep despair,
Rose to that firmament of brass,
Rending the scorching air!

From fiery night to morning,
From flaming dawn to night,
Rolled the resistless tide of fire
In roaring waves of might;
Till from the pitying Heavens
Poured down the blessed rain,
And a dark pall of misery
Sank on the blackened plain!

Fallen is the queenly city!
Her palaces and towers,
Her pillared porticoes of pride
Sunk in a few short hours;
While all her mourning multitude—
Naked, unhoused, unfed—
Strive, through the depths of dumb despair,
Weeping, to find their dead!

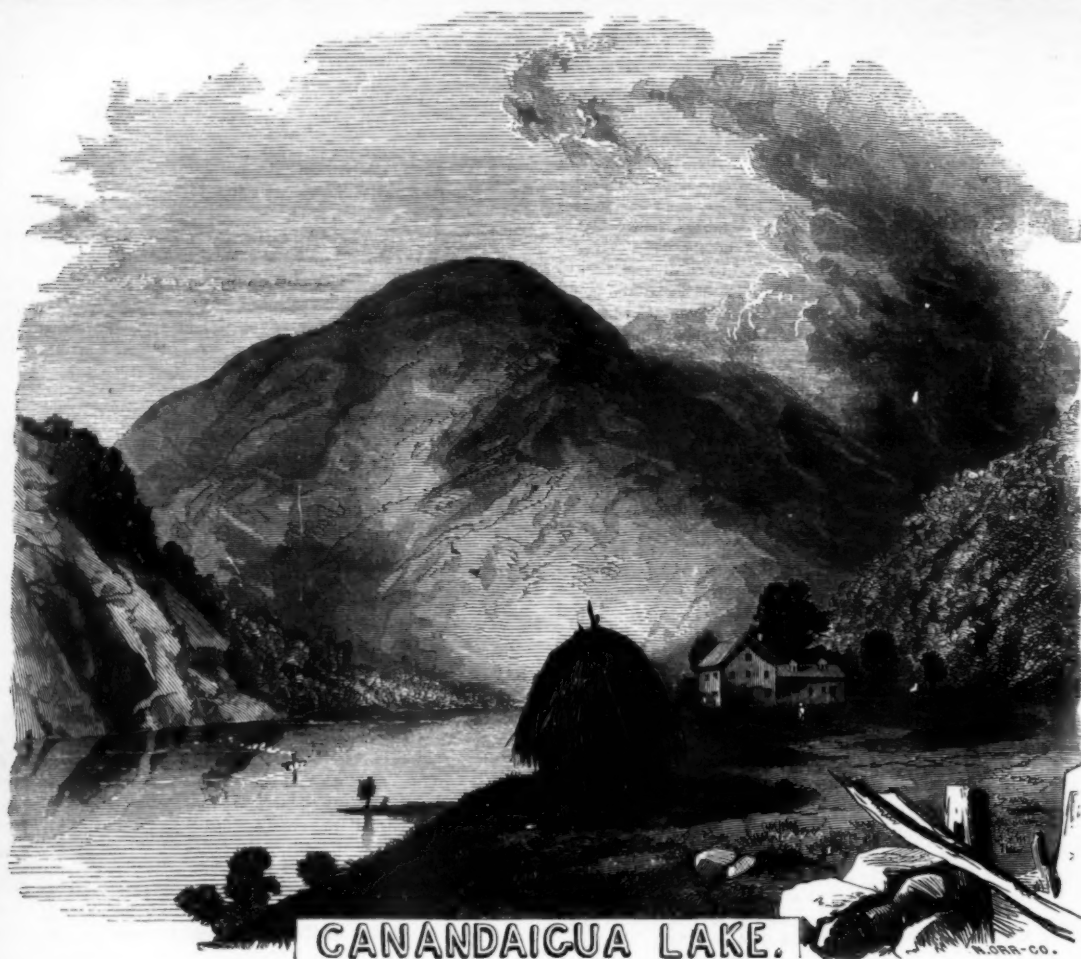
O sad and mournful sister!
Clad in thy widow's weeds—
What shall we say to comfort thee—
How shall we help thy needs?
With sackcloth girt about thee—
Ashes upon thy head!
Lo! we will house thy little ones—
Clothed shall they be and fed!

See! all thy sister cities
Stretch forth their eager hands,
Filled with the bread of blessing;
While from the distant lands
Swiftly the lightning flashes
Under the surging seas
From Albion's isles the message
Of gentle charities!

These are the ties that bind us
As brethren true and tried,
Though sounding seas may part us,
Or war-clouds dark divide;
One only aim we follow—
One guerdon great we prize—
Healing the heart's deep sorrows,
Wiping the weeping eyes!

Still shall the great twin nations,
Three thousand miles apart,
Learning the same sweet lesson,
Beat with a kindred heart!
Still shall the flags of Freedom
Cover our cruel scars—
The symbol Cross of England
Blent with the Stripes and Stars!

EDWARD RENAUD.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL DIXON.

AN avenue, one hundred and thirty feet broad, walled in with elms and maples, and roofed half by their autumn leafery and half by the sky, stretches straight down two miles of gentle slope into a still lake, with the blue hills beyond.

On either side lies the village Canandaigua, its name aptly borrowed from the quiet, green water resting at its feet. It is in the western half of the New-York Lake District—a wealthy village, as its lake is wealthy in quiet beauty; an old village, too, though somewhat younger than the lake, and like the latter, above all, in the marked half-sleepiness of its general appearance, which neither the bustling of the market nor the locomotive's screaming and roaring ever get the better of; a stately old place, formal in look, and, withal, having a good deal of energy and warmth slumbering in it—great if aroused, but difficult to stir.

It lives, in fact, mostly in the past, and has hard work (or would have hard work if it tried) to keep up with the hurrying present. Proud of what it has been, an old man among youth, sluggishly yielding to the outward pressure of changing times, ever noted for its wealth and the refinement of its people, it is hard for the old aristocrat to see any virtue in the levelling improvements of the age.

Settled in 1789, its first building was a storehouse on the lake-shore.

As early as 1795 the village was noted for its beautiful location and tasteful "houses of joiner's work, prettily painted, with small courts in front, surrounded by neat railings;" moreover, it boasted two inns, "a best and a second best." Some of the settlers came from Schenectady by water as far as the head of navigation in the

Canandaigua outlet, and, in one instance, pushed their boats through to the lake.

In early years at Canandaigua, says the record, the forests afforded a plenty of venison, and the lake and small streams a plenty of fish. The hills on either side of the lake abounded with deer, which were easily driven into the water and caught.

Some hunters would kill from eighty to a hundred in a single season, and the Indians generally brought venison to the village to barter for flour or bread. In all the earliest years, the Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Senecas, received their annuities at the village, which made it the place of the annual gathering of those nations, and the centre of the Indian trade. To this day, it is said, the Senecas visit the native hills on the lake-shore, and there perform the religious rites of their fathers in their fathers' temples. But the whole country around has a history far older than this white man's chronicle.

Old traditions haunt every hill, and shelter in every glen, and old names stay forever linked to the new life in their old homes. The old life is gone, but our sympathy with Nature is ever the same; and the tired man who spends a month of rest along the shores and on the bosom of this little lake will join hands in spirit with the Schenah-kah who knew it long ago, and called it Cah-nan-dah-gwah, the *Sleeping Beauty*.

It lies among some six towns, with six ill-assorted names—only one of them, Cah-nan-dah-gwah, borrowed from itself. Next to this lie Gorham and South Bristol, with the deep lake between them.

South of Gorham, on the east shore, lies Middlesex, another English adoption, probably at second hand; and close to its rugged Saxon

frontiers is Italy, joining with Naples round the lake's head—these last, quite pardonable fragments of the foreign geography spilled by somebody's taste over this part of the State, a final spice in the *olla podrida*, which is sampled fairly in these six lake-towns.

With varied front of low beach or sharp cliff, of wooded shore or rich meadow, and often of dark vineyard nestling against the low, round hills, these towns look down upon the Sleeping Beauty, which has lain at their side ever since they were old enough to watch over it, and which keeps their image in its bosom as faithfully now as when they first peeped down lovingly into it, and saw their own images there.

It reaches scarce sixteen miles from south to north, and is nowhere broader than a mile or two, and the jutting points and deep coves frequently shut out most of its little length.

It never looks large, only beautiful; chary of its treasures, and yet generous, it gives enough to fill the eye and satisfy the spirit, and always promises more—promises in such a tone, however, as to inspire, not longing, but content, and a full assurance of plenty everywhere, for to-morrow as well as for to-day, and yonder as well as here.

The earliest mention made of freighting on the lake was in 1795, when a saw-mill in Naples, turned by the same stream that turns half a dozen now on its way to the lake, rafted down to the foot sawn boards, at the rate of four thousand five hundred feet daily. Now, it is a much-travelled highway for both passengers and freight, and, besides its two little steam-boats, bears on its bosom scows and smaller craft innumerable, vehicles of business and pleasure, which ply to and fro from the head to the foot, or to the various points.

These mimic capes, called in lake dialect "points," are very numerous, and especially inviting.

They generally present two lines of beach, paved with flat, smooth slates, narrow at first, and widening till they join in sometimes a sharp tongue, stretching out till it loses itself in the shallow ripple, sometimes a bold outward curve, just off whose pebbly edge you may bathe, if you will, in four hundred feet of water.

Often the beach lies black and naked, with scarce a tree or shrub along its whole stony stretch; and, again, the trees, laden with vines, lean out to meet the lake and hide the narrow margin between. Perhaps only a narrow foot-path over broken masses of rock borders an abrupt shore of perpendicular slate, or, farther on, the hills, green and brown, come down gently together, and bring all their cornfields and pine-forests to the very water's edge.

These only half-wild wildernesses shelter wigwams now, as they did in former ages, where the summer nomads of the country round about come out of the year's labor into their brief rest.

One of the most prominent of the points is "Black," about half-way up the lake,

on the west shore. It takes its name from the color of its bare, flat-pebbled beach, and is distinguished for miles by a single tree standing on the very vertex of the narrow tongue which stretches out far from shore, and sinks by degrees beneath the surface.

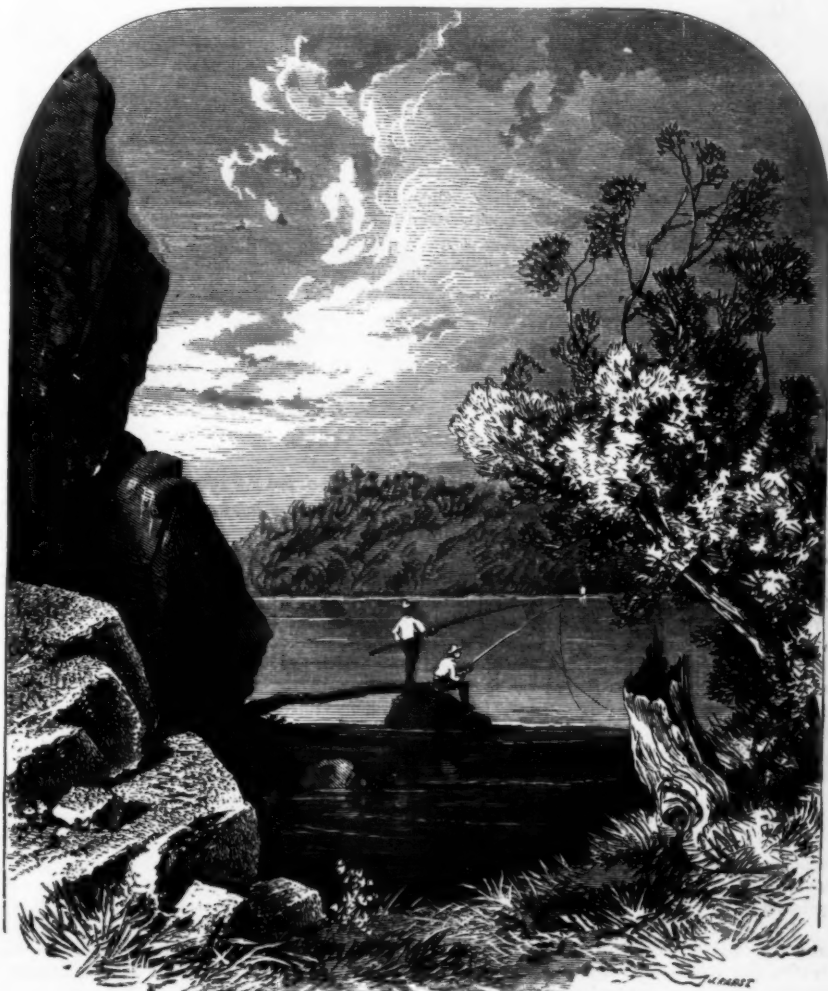
Climbing a short distance up the hill behind this point, and facing the southeast, that is, across and up the lake, we look upon the scene presented in the first of the accompanying engravings, which exhibits fairly the varied aspect of the shores.

Just in sight, over the edge of the high ground in front, appears the low point, with its sentinel-tree; to the left, across the lake, precipitous rock is flanked by gradual wooded slope; while, watching in the background, the hill Genundewah lifts its cheerless and barren summit to the sky. This latter was a hill of note in the days of the aborigines, and a tradition of mystery clings to it, backed by material evidences which convince the most incredulous.

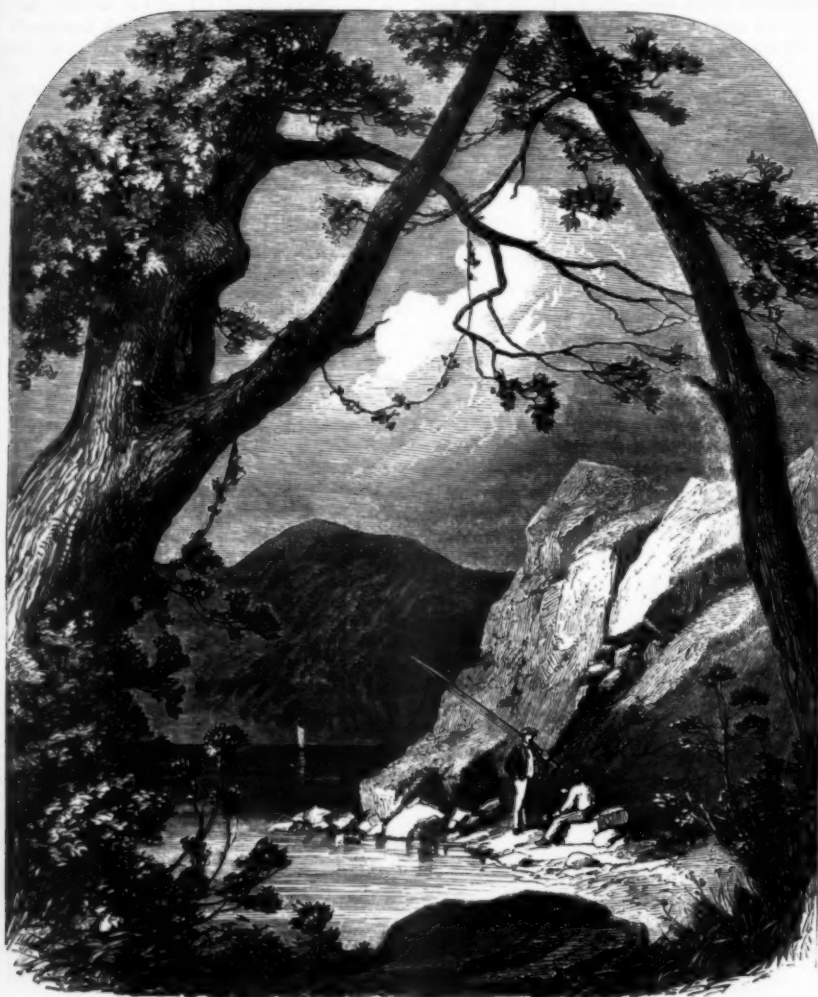
All this region was once occupied by the Senecas or Great-Hill People, who, as their tradition hath it, sprang out of the earth from this Genundewah, the Great Hill, and here were nearly swallowed up again, barely enough escaping to people the country anew.

This was the manner thereof:

A great fort of the nation stood on the very summit, and thither, one winter, with the malice of his kind, came a mighty serpent and surrounded it with his awful bulk, his head and tail meeting at the gate. Long he lay there, confounding the people with his breath, till hunger made them desperate, and, collecting their weapons and house-



A NOOK NEAR THE FOOT OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.



POINT ON THE LAKE, NORTHWARD.

hold furniture, they marched every one, brave, squaw, and child, in Indian stoicism and Indian file, out of the fort-gate and down the besieger's throat.

Now it so happened that two orphan children had strayed into the woods just before the serpent appeared, and they, thus spared by Providence, were ordered by an oracle to make themselves arrows of a poisonous wood, and shoot them under the monster's scales.

This they did; and the mighty enemy sickened, and, stretching out its dreadful length, rolled down the hill, stripping it of all its trees, and ejecting from its own disturbed interior the indigestible heads of the tribe that had furnished its last Indian meal, till finally it fell with a mighty splash into the lake, and from its decaying body sprang every little snake that lives on earth.

For proof that this is fact stands the hill, bare of forest to this day, and thence surnamed Bare Hill by the whites.

There, moreover, on its barren sides, and on the lake-bottom, lie multitudes of the heads of victims, now changed to stones, and called by the vulgar Indian heads, though the learned laugh, and say, in a pedantic way, "Pooh! septaria."

A scene, which most would be apt to overlook (and, in fact, to none but those who are looking for it does Nature grant to find it), is portrayed in the second engraving. Not from the steamboat's deck may it be discovered, but by closer scrutiny of the curving or jagged shores, by hard tramping and climbing, it may be found—a

thing of beauty, worth much search.

Many such corners are there on the lake-borders, well known to the native boys and birds, but, to a passing traveller, quite covered up, for the road is as difficult to Nature's secrets as to the hidden things of art. This is near the foot of the lake, and looks north-easterly across it.

On this side the hills are high as ever, but the range on the other side is just rising from the lowlands that lie around the outlet at the foot.

Growing steadily in size and stature, they stretch out along the lake, lifting themselves as proudly above it at length as if it did not know all about their low origin as it accompanies them, smooth and peaceful, to the head.

In the foreground the black cliffs rise, casting shadows which the fish love to hide in, and paying their stately compliments to the lake in a cool little spring that trickles from their dark crevices. And, not to be behind in courtesy, lo! the scraggy tree, their neighbor, drops an autumn-tinted leaf or two to float upon the surface, and the fishes come up and nibble at them in acceptance.

From its size, great as compared with its neighboring hills, Genundewah is kept long in view.

As we ascend the lake, we can look back on it for miles, standing there unchanged among the ever-shifting scenes which the new shores are presenting, as if to it, the mightiest, a larger watch had been

allotted, and it was overlooking the guarded treasure not only, but the guardians as well. And thus it forms the unaltering background of many pictures, sentinel of them all. Two miles above Black Point on the same side is Seneca Point, largest of all, and perhaps most resorted to, boasting an hotel as well as private cabins, and rich in great variety of steep cliff and flat beach, of cool groves and rocky glens.

Here was once an "Indian orchard," which offered, says the chronicle, to the first white settlers, "a stinted supply of poor apples."

Go to the northward along the steep, narrow shore, streaked white with sulphur from many springs, and in a nook where a jutting rock cuts off the point from view, but where the impassive scrutiny of the Bare Hill still follows, you become an animated part of the scene the artist has chosen in the third view.

Here the water is at its widest, and its stony bottom is hundreds of feet beneath the dark surface yonder, and keeps, doubtless, many a buried secret safe even from the mountain's eternal gaze.

That stern, forbidding look of the dead summit, is almost the single variance from the lake's true spirit. It speaks of difficulty, and, when its legend is known, of distress and hard destiny—the only link that binds the sojourner in this Arcadia to the toiling, suffering world he has come out of, and which, though he have parted from it for a time, he may not quite forget.

Boldly self-asserting, it rises among its lesser kindred—in sight ever—but the beholder feels he need not climb it now, and, under its perpetual gaze, rejoices the more wholly that he may walk at leisure through the groves and glens on gentler hill-sides, or, perhaps, only look upon them and admire their softer outline while floating or rowing at will over the still water.

And, in truth, they are worth much looking at—these encircling hills. Here one rises, covered with thick forest, bright with glowing autumn colors, or dark with evergreen firs and cedars, and, stretching for a mile or two, gives place to another, whose sides are checked with squares of smooth-shaven grain-fields, telling of a year's work done, with now and then black acres amid the yellow, that speak another year's demand provided for; while, as it were, a breathing-space between the two—

"Like pleasing staves of thankful Nature's hymn,
The fence of rails a soothing grace devotes,
With clinging vines for bass and treble clefs,
And wrens and robins here and there for notes;
The spreading bars at equal distances met,
As though the whole bright autumn scene were set
To the unchanging melody of rest."

Rest is the lake's true voice; it speaks with rest to the hills, and the hills chime in, in tones that bleak Genundewah, and the few sharp cliffs that here and there arise, in no wise modify unless to strengthen.

The hills grow higher and more thickly wooded as we go up the lake, and begin to approach mountain stature.

The scenery of the "head" is given in our last illustration.

The little hamlet Woodville lies here just where the hill-ranges meet and render up their charge, then stretch far away to the south to join the Alleghanies, bearing on their slopes, as they go, vineyards that bid fair, in this new Naples, to rival the clusters of Naples the old in the land of sunshine.

Here in abundance are taken the voracious pickerel, which some experimenter upon Nature introduced years ago, to the destruction of the trout and white-fish, for which the lake was once somewhat famed.

South Bristol, to which belongs the hill on the right, presents its sunniest face to the lake; while just out of sight, beyond the border, it lies, a rough and difficult land, softened only wherever it draws near the edge, and its hard hills are charmed to smoothness by the fondling water.

To the left is Middlesex (for Italy and Naples barely touch the lake), rough and steep-looking here, but rising and falling in gentler curves farther down, where Vine Valley lies at right angles to the shore.

The vineyards of this valley are already famed, not only through the State, but in the markets of Boston and the South.

Many varieties of grapes are here successfully cultivated, and a single grape-grower of the valley bore off almost every premium at the recent Western New-York State Fair.

Only a few years ago this industry was not dreamed of here, but now the vineyards are the greatest source of revenue from the land, and soon all the hill-sides will be teeming with the grateful fruit of which one never tires.

More and more every year is the lake sought by visitors, who come to make experiment of its virtue, to be inspired with the restfulness it bestows on all; many companies of children, young and old, to picnic in its groves and climb its glens; some to explore its springs with eyes of speculation, and to see prospective water-cures and infirmaries upon its shores, some for fishing and duck-shooting; some for dreaming, profitable or otherwise; but all, coming so variously, go away gladdened, according to their desert, by the beauty in store for all who have understanding thereof.

The turtle-like septaria before mentioned are not the only objects of geological interest found in and about the lake; the many ravines which cut through its hilly boundaries are rich in old corals of numerous sorts, and in the beautiful "stone-lilies," as they are called, half-plant, half-animal, planted animals, in fact, rooted to the rocky soil, and raking the water with their long arms for food.

These latter are frequently discovered in layers several feet in diameter, and a few inches in thickness, and present forms of rare beauty and great interest.



HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

More important in an economic point of view are the innumerable springs of mineral waters, which, abundant through all the region around, especially crowd upon the borders of this lake.

Some of them are already famous for healing properties—the Salisbury, for example, in Gorham, near the foot.

Nor are these waters all that the hills spontaneously bring forth. Several burning springs, giving out carburetted hydrogen in large quantity, vary the natural phenomena, and, in one instance, a house was lighted with the gas; still another spring, on the west shore, deposits carbonate of lime in the form known as travertine or calcareous tufa.

Thus much in the way of wonders has Nature done for the surroundings of this quiet water, which lies, careless of all, negligently resting in perpetual Sabbath between the work-day hills.

And while they are all busy in their deep laboratories below, and their bustling forests and grain-fields above, it rests, all the year, passive—suffering, but not assisting, the boats that ply over its surface—receiving tribute from its inlet and a thousand springs, and sending it down through the long outlet into Seneca River, and through that into great Ontario, silently, scarce answering with its waves the caressing of the breezes that love it, and now, as at its christening, in seeming quiet consciousness of its loveliness, asleep.

PHILIP II. AND THE ESCURIAL.

ONE must be a native Spaniard to look upon the Escorial as the eighth wonder of the world.

The traveller who, on the road through the Guadarama Mountains, reaches the little town of Escorial, and for the first time sees in the distance a huge, square, granite structure, with towers at the corners, and a cupola in the centre, may be in doubt whether he has a fortification, a castle, a convent, a prison, a cathedral, a mausoleum, or a villa, before him. The Escorial is, in fact, all these, and, for that reason, it may be called an architectural monstrosity.*

The courtiers of Philip II. compared his Escorial to the Temple of Jerusalem, as they compared him to King Solomon; but, in fact, the Spanish was no more like the Hebrew king than is the Escorial like the Hebrew temple. It is, however, not to be denied that no other work of Philip's bears so strongly the peculiar stamp of its founder as the Escorial.

After he had made Madrid the permanent capital of the realm, simply because it was situated at the very centre of his kingdom, he wished to have a summer residence within a convenient distance of the city, and he chose its location, regardless of the facts that the cold north winds would render it almost uninhabitable, and that the sterility of the soil made the cultivation of trees nearly impossible. His father, Charles V., after a stormy life, had sought repose in the bosom of the Church by becoming an inmate of the Convent of Saint-

* The Escorial is a palace and mausoleum, situated in Escorial de Abajo, a town of two thousand inhabitants, two thousand nine hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level, twenty-five miles northwest of Madrid. The foundation was begun on St. Lawrence's day, April 23, 1563. Twenty-one years' labor and a sum equal to fifteen million dollars were expended on the work. The body of the structure represents seventeen ranges of buildings, crossing each other at right angles, enclosing twenty-four courts, with a tower two hundred feet high at the four corners, thus representing a gridiron reversed, the towers being the upturned feet. A wing, four hundred and sixty feet long, represents the handle of the implement, and contains the royal apartments. The average height of the walls is sixty feet. The total length of the building is seven hundred and forty feet north and south, and five hundred and eighty feet east and west. It contains the royal palace, royal chapel, monastery with two hundred cells, two colleges, three chapter-houses, three libraries, five great halls, six dormitories, three hospital-halls, twenty-seven other halls, nine refectories, five infirmaries, a countless number of apartments for attendants, eighty staircases, eleven hundred and ten windows looking outward, and fifteen hundred and seventy-eight inward; or, including out-houses, four thousand windows in all, besides fourteen gates, and eighty-six fountains. The whole edifice is built of white stone, spotted with gray, resembling granite, and quarried on the site. The church contains forty chapels, with their altars, and is three hundred and seventy-four feet long, two hundred and thirty feet broad, divided into seven aisles, paved with black marble, and roofed by the dome, rising three hundred and thirty feet from the floor. The grand altar, ninety feet high and fifty feet wide, is composed of jasper and gilded bronze. Eighteen pillars, each eighteen feet high, of red-and-green jasper, support an estrade, on which the altar is placed. Porphyry and marbles, of the richest description, inlaid the walls, and, on either side, are the statue portraits of the kings.—APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

Just; but he sought to lead, at the same time, the life of a monk and a ruler, and so he built a castle, in accordance with a vow, after the form of the gridiron upon which Saint Lawrence was burnt; thus the Escorial, in its general plan, as well as in its ornamentation, is a huge symbol of the unnatural union of ecclesiastical and secular power.

The architect endeavored, in vain, in the high and broad granite sides of the structure, to produce some variety of appearance, by an endless number of small windows; but they only tend to give the building still more the appearance, externally, of being a vast prison; in vain have some Doric embellishments been placed here and there—the vast granite walls still retain their original forbidding aspect. Within there are endless passages—in which there is always a chilly, damp atmosphere, like that of a cellar—hundreds of dark monks' cells, innumerable stone stairways, and small, paved courts, and sickly gardens, laid out to represent the insignia of the military orders. With the exception of a few Italian frescoes, the walls of the royal apartments are covered with miserable daubs; as for the furniture, it is as tasteless as the furniture one sees in all the other royal châteaux of Spain. Philip II. was quite right when, on the occasion of a visit to the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores, near Burgos, he said, "Our Escorial is nothing in comparison with this."

Even in the church, upon which so much money was expended, in spite of the numerous statues, the massive marble stairs, the immense chandeliers, and the enormous altar, there reigns a cold magnificence. Indeed, there is little here to attract the visitor, unless he, as a devout Catholic, is interested in the rich collection of relics that Philip, at great expense, gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As Charles V., toward the close of his life, gratified a diseased fancy by contemplating his coffin, so his son found his greatest pleasure in the construction and decoration of a sepulchre in the Escorial for himself and family, that bears the pretentious name of the Pantheon. The various departments for the royal children and barren queens, for kings and the mothers of kings, etc., he arranged and embellished with the greatest care. During the past summer, the ministers of the provisional government, from childish curiosity, had the coffins of Charles V. and Philip II. opened. They found, to their surprise, the remains of the emperor in an almost perfect state of preservation, while those of Philip consisted of little else than a skeleton enveloped in a mass of drapery.

We can more easily imagine ourselves in the presence of the dark figure of Philip II. in the little cabinet, where he attended to the affairs of the state, and received the ambassadors of foreign powers, than in any other room of the Escorial. Over the door there are some lines, the purport of which is: "In this small room Philip II. died, while the world was too small for the son of Charles V. His life was so sublime that his soul only lived, for he no longer had a body when he departed this life." In the half-lighted room the visitor is shown his old, dilapidated writing-desk, his chair, and a stool on which he rested his gouty foot.

It evidently gratified his vanity to think that he, from this little, dark, uncomfortable cabinet, could send out bits of paper to every corner of the earth, which determined the weal or woe of millions of his fellow-men; that here he learned the most important secrets of his enemies, and was advised of every considerable event that transpired in his vast dominions. Here he sought relaxation from the affairs of state by fixing the burial-ceremony of the different members of the royal family, arranging the programme for *autos-da-fé*, and in collecting and arranging relics and portraits of the saints. While he was most absorbed with the plans for his Escorial, he resolved on the death of his son, Don Carlos. Between two prayers he signed the death-warrants of his political enemies in Portugal and the Netherlands. He had the Baron de Montigny assassinated in the Castle of Simancas on the very day he was married to his fourth wife, Anne of Austria. He sought to suppress every natural impulse, or, at least, to conceal it from the observation of others. There is a door leading from the little cabinet into the church. Here Philip was accustomed to spend some portion of the day in prayer. At such times he suffered no interruption, not even if the highest officer in the state had a victory like that of Lepanto, or a disaster like the destruction of the Armada, to announce.

Nothing disturbed the wonted tranquillity of this gloomy sovereign but the suspicion that he had traitors and assassins in his immediate surroundings. At such times he would fill his palace with guards, and bar the doors of the church to all but his most devoted courtiers.

But, in spite of his restless suspicion, Philip II. was most grossly outraged, and most daringly betrayed, by those in whom he had the greatest confidence.

The portrait of his private secretary, Antonio Perez, that hangs in the anteroom of the Escorial Library, reminds us of one of the most terrible dramas that was ever enacted at this court. Perez was presented to the king by Ruy Gomez de Silva, the husband of the beautiful and gifted Princess Eboli, who, prompted by ambition, listened to the overtures of the king, while she at the same time carried on a love-intrigue with his secretary. Perez soon became the favorite and confidant of the king; the most secret correspondence passed through his hands; it was he who deciphered the reports of the spies the king had placed about his half-brother, John of Austria, and discussed them with the royal murderer. One of these spies, Escovedo, was really devoted to John, and thought to frustrate Philip's designs by furnishing him with false reports regarding his brother, while he wrote to the pope and to the Duke de Guise in John's interest. But the letter to the duke fell into the hands of Perez and the king. Escovedo was quietly summoned to court, where he was received in the most cordial manner, and detained from day to day under one pretext or another. He had a presentiment of the danger he was in; only one means of escape presented itself: he had proofs of the relation that existed between the princess and the secretary, and threatened to produce them unless Perez aided him to escape. But Perez had already received this command from the king:

"Have the man killed when and by whom you will. Only let it be done secretly and quickly. I will have it so."

One evening Escovedo fell by the hands of hired assassins. "A deed," says Antonio Perez, "I was compelled to do, but for which Heaven severely punished me."

Escovedo's family demanded an investigation. Suspicion pointed to Perez and the Princess Eboli, of whose relations Escovedo had spoken rather imprudently. Perez was lost when the king, through tale-bearers, learned how he had been deceived by him and his mistress; but the king matured his plans slowly and secretly. So practised was he in deceit, that he scarcely evinced any coldness toward the princess, and on the very evening that Perez was arrested he had worked with his royal master until a later hour than usual. The princess's arrest followed on the same evening, and as she was taken to prison, the king stood near her house, in disguise, to witness the scene. In reply to Perez's prayers that he would intercede for him, the king wrote: "I trust all will end well; in the mean time, be on your guard." Philip pretended that he would take steps to appease Perez's enemies; begged him in the mean time to observe the strictest silence, while he hastened to institute proceedings against his victim for some trifling misdemeanors, which were exaggerated to the gravity of state offences. The secretary finally comprehended his situation. He fled, and sought safety in a church; but Philip's hirelings dragged him forth, thrust him again into prison, and then arrested his wife. At the moment when they were about to lay the unfortunate Antonio on the rack, he received another letter from the king, in which his majesty bade him be of good cheer, conjured him not to say any thing about the murder of Escovedo, and promised that all should yet be well. But Antonio made a full statement of the facts concerning the assassination, and threatened to produce letters that would fully prove the king's complicity.

Finally, Antonio's faithful and heroic wife succeeded in effecting his escape. He went to Saragossa, in Aragon, where the authority of the king was less absolute than in the other provinces. It would seem that Philip could not conceal his chagrin at the escape of Perez, for the court-fool is reported to have said to him: "Why are you so sad, sire? Antonio Perez has fled, and everybody is glad. You, too, ought to be glad." The king replied by ordering Antonio's wife and children to be thrown into a dungeon.

The people of Aragon armed themselves to defend the refugee, and neither persuasion nor threats could turn them from their purpose. When his estates were confiscated, the people voluntarily furnished him with the means to live, and, when he was arrested by the inquisitors, he was forcibly released by the populace, who threatened to burn the inquisitorial palace. But, finally, Perez was compelled to fly before an armed force that Philip sent against him, and take refuge in the mountains, from where, after a short time, he fled to France. He was kindly received by Henry IV., and later was the honored guest of Elizabeth of England. Two professional assassins,

whom Philip employed to follow him, were executed in London, and another met the same fate in Paris. Perez tells us further that the king gave a clever and beautiful courtesan eighty thousand reals and six splendid horses, that she might attract Perez, and then deliver him into the hands of the Spanish emissaries. But, when she came to know the refugee personally, she was so much pleased with him that she forgot her promises to Philip, and discovered the whole conspiracy to her intended victim.

Thus all the attempts of the king to silence his former confidant and witness of his dark deeds, failed.

Antonio Perez devoted the remainder of his days to the writing of his celebrated memoirs, which have made him the Tacitus of the Spanish Tiberius.

Court etiquette fixed the time and length of the king's sojourn in Aranjuez, as well as in the Escorial: in the former, the month after Easter; in the latter, the month of October. This custom was first deviated from by the last Hapsburger, who sat upon the Spanish throne, Carlos II., the fanatic, for the simple reason that his majesty had not always the wherewithal to defray the expense of changing his residence. The vast kingdom of Charles V. and Philip II. was even then reduced to a beggarly condition. "It is," said a contemporaneous writer, "no longer dying, but dead; it already lies on its bier, and only awaits the grave-digger."

THE MYSTIC TEMPLE.

FEAR down in the shadowy valley,
Where the spirits and phantom-shades loom,
Stands a weird, fantastical temple
In the mystical midnight and gloom.

It sends forth a purple-like lustre,
Poured out from its porphyry halls
Abroad through the blue-litten windows,
Set in its adamant walls.

And the legion of musical zephyrs,
That throng through its wide-open door,
Go out with incense and starlight
Through Life to Eternity's shore.

'Tis said, by people who've witnessed
Its soft candelabrian light,
There's a sanctified Spirit that frequents
This labyrinth temple at night.

He comes in the silence of midnight,
When the moon has begun its decline,
And lights with the essence of noontide
The cresset that hangs o'er the shrine.

There's none of its radiance that slumbers
In the midst of the draperies' fold:
It goes upward, straight through the skylight,
All tinted with purple and gold.

The voice of his footsteps awakens,
Far up in the vibrating dome,
Sweet echoes that never cease sounding
This side of their heavenly home.

When the Spirit has finished his mission,
And passed from the sill of the door,
A demon comes up from the cloisters,
And quenches the light evermore.

The walls of the temple may crumble,
And the light on the turrets may die;
But a lamp on the altar is gleaming,
That's again to be lighted on high.

BURGESS SMITH.

TABLE-TALK.

THE recent appearance of Mrs. Moulton as a public singer in this city was an event which stirred fashionable society to its very depths. Mrs. Moulton is a lady with the fame of whose accomplishments and fascinations New York and Paris have been ringing for several years. She was a brilliant amateur singer when she went abroad; and, during her long residence in the French capital, wonderful stories have reached us from time to time of her conquests in the world of art—how she had bewitched Rossini and won the heart of Auber, caught all that the greatest masters of the Continent had to teach her, and been crowned queen of the American colony by the special favor of the imperial family. So she came back as a new goddess, full of the inspiration of song, and redolent of the perfume of the Tulleries. Our best society put on its fine array to give her a royal welcome. The florists exhausted ingenuity and stripped the green-houses to make her costly emblems of triumph. Salvoes of applause shook the hall when she came forth, and the critics (with one or two exceptions) threw down their pens at her feet, and shouted with the rest. The smiles of Fortune, which had followed Mrs. Moulton from Boston all over Europe, attended her even on the stage of Steinway Hall. She has not been judged as an artiste, but as a charming woman whom it is a privilege to gaze upon, and happiness to hear. Nearly all that has been said in her praise is well deserved. The voice which has thrilled so many brilliant saloons is one of those rare and beautiful voices which are found only once or twice in a lifetime—a mezzo-soprano of moderate compass and ordinary strength, warm with the sensuous quality that American voices generally lack, light and flexible, with the birdlike purity which is the American singer's usual charm. In tenderness, sweetness, and true feminine grace, it is surpassed by very few of the half-score of really good voices which our country has produced. In that peculiar vibratory quality which is, so to speak, the raw material whence the singer produces (or at least can produce) both pathos and passion, it is not surpassed by any. For this exquisite organ art has done all that is needed for the training of the most accomplished amateur vocalist this generation has seen. In the florid and elegant music of Rossini, for instance, Mrs. Moulton is almost absolutely perfect. She sings such pieces as the "Bel Raglio," from "Semiramide," as we have never heard them sung before, revelling in the delicate runs and flourishes with which the composer has embellished the melody, laughing at the difficulties, and conveying the comfortable assurance that her most extraordinary feats are performed, not only with ease, but with an exuberant enjoyment. It is no wonder that Paris listened and wondered while she filled the drawing-rooms with melody, as a lark fills the summer air, and kings petted her, and composers wrote for her, and the first of musicians were proud to be her masters. But, when she came out of this golden world wherein she had made her

fame, and sang in the very different atmosphere of a great public hall, we found that there was one direction in which art had not carried her far enough. Vocal endurance is the result of culture more than of physical strength. A lady of fashion does not want it; for a public concert-singer it is one of the first requisites. Lacking this, Mrs. Moulton's performance has no climax. Her first song is her best; after it, the music flags and the pleasure dies away. And Nature, too, has denied her the singer's crowning gift. She is not emotional. The sentiment that breathes faintly through her song is thin and heartless—a conventional elegance, prompted by taste and not by feeling. For the music which rouses the soul and draws tears from the eyes, we must go elsewhere. Mrs. Moulton reveals to us the refinement and the brilliancy of a favorite of Fortune; she never glows with the inspiration of a great artist.

— Admiral Rous, the veteran Nestor of British sportsmanship, bitterly laments the decline of the turf, and weeps pathetically over the halcyon days that are gone. The admiral is quite old enough to remember when "the first gentleman in Europe" used to desert the gravest cares of state, doff his crown for a travelling-cap, and hasten down to Newmarket for the races, followed, not only by the butterflies of his court, but also by such grave ministers as Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, and such dignified men of military fame as the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesea. In those days Parliament stopped wrangling, and there was a pause in the feverish coming and going of king's messengers, when the fate of Lord Jockeyby's "Irene," or Trottington's "Nut-brown Maid," was to be decided on a course. The sport was royal, lordly, aristocratic; it was hardly proper for any one under a baronet to show his face in the grand pavilion, while it was the properest thing in the world for the king and all his satellites to get roaring drunk on these happy occasions. Tattersall's then held its own with the Carlton and the Athenaeum as a club-room; the gentlemen of England were its *habitués*, and jockeydom was a power in the land. Now, according to the regretful admiral, horse-racing is fast becoming a mere vulgar, riotous, gambling, brawling show for the grosser multitude. Not only royalty and nobility, but the gentry also, are retiring from it in disgust; they are leaving the field to the shoddy sportsman, the jaded cockney blood, and abandoned young lords who have been outlawed from the saloons of the West End for their excessive dissipation. To be sure, in the good old days to which the octogenarian eye of the admiral tearfully reverts, there was betting on the turf—betting and other gambling, drunkenness and hot quarrelling, duelling and foul play. But, then, all this was done by *gentlemen*; indeed, there were persons who indulged at times in the enlivening practices made fashionable by the regent. No doubt, there is a great deal of truth in the admiral's complaint. The sense of the present British generation is against horse-racing as a national pastime, and this is reflected by the efforts in Parliament to put the ban of the statute-book upon wagers.

Horse-racing was a very proper pastime in an age when no man was a true man who did not acknowledge the "code," when gambling was a polite custom of aristocratic drawing-rooms, and when a guest ran some danger of affronting his host if, after a dinner-party, he could walk out of the room without staggering. But duelling, polite gambling, and fashionable tipsiness, have pretty much gone out in the tight little island; and the turf, though it has lingered somewhat, is apparently following in their wake. It has, undoubtedly, degenerated into little more than a betting, riotous assemblage of the thieves and roughs of the metropolis and the country round about, with a sprinkling of nobility and respectability here and there; it is surely a dangerous allurements to weak-headed young men with large fortunes and sporting tastes; it has brought ruin upon hundreds of British households; and it is no longer a proof or encouragement of athletic tastes and habits. So the more moral age of Victoria is bent upon eradicating, among other evils, this dangerous and now disreputable relic of the grosser and more sensual age of "Gentleman George."

— With the inauguration of its new president, Yale University (as it should properly be called) begins, we hope, a new career. President Porter finds himself entering upon his duties at a time when there may be said to be an intellectual revival among the colleges—when the subjects of collegiate reform, of new methods of study and discipline, and of infusing a modern and progressive spirit into college government, have been brought into greater prominence than ever before. It is a significant and satisfactory thing that the incoming, like the outgoing, president is something more than a mere professor. Ex-President Woolsey has won national fame as an authority on international law and on the law of divorce, and has treated with high success a large variety of topics, outside those in which he has been officially interested, of present interest to the public. He is, besides, one of the best living American writers of pure and forcible English. His successor has been called the first of American metaphysicians; and certainly his work on "The Human Intellect" is one of the most admirable philosophical works ever published in this country. President Porter's range of subjects as a public writer is also a wide one, and it is gratifying to know that a scholar possessing such extra-professional attainments has assumed the presidency of what was long the most rigidly-Puritan of our universities. Science is happily no longer viewed with distrust and suspicion at the seat of learning where Jonathan Edwards graduated, and which was presided over by Ezra Stiles and Timothy Dwight. Dr. Woolsey epitomized the broad truth which may now be said to have penetrated the most obtuse of sectarians, when he stated, at the inauguration of President Porter, "that the sciences built on observation of Nature, and those built on the primary convictions of man and on historical evidence, cannot be hostile; and that Christian mind must be a narrow or a skeptical one which stands in dread of every new discovery or every theory proceeding from sci-

entific men." The logical sequence of this enlightened courage in facing questions of the day is the opinion expressed on the same occasion by the new president, that, "while a college cannot teach except it also learns from the past, it cannot teach unless it understands and sympathizes with the generation which it attempts to instruct. Unless the teacher is alive to the thinking of the present, he cannot prepare his pupils fully to meet it." President Porter is also an earnest disciple of the theory that knowledge is a means to culture, and not an end in itself. If he will only put this into thorough practice in every department of the university, a very great point will be gained. And, if the movement now going on to make the whole body of the alumni the constituency of the governing corporation, and thus bring to bear immediately upon the university the influence of the widest circle of cultivated men actually engaged in the world's affairs, and hence most sensitive as to its scholastic needs, the result, though revolutionary, cannot fail to be of the best, both for the prosperity of Yale itself and for those whom it sends forth into the world from year to year.

— There has been an animated discussion in some of the English papers recently on the comparative comforts of travelling in England and on the Continent. One vivacious correspondent, a true-born Briton in his fondness for good living and his propensity to growl, declares that England is yet in the midst of barbarism, as far as hotel comforts and conveniences are concerned. He asks why it is that, if he reaches a British hotel after eight p. m., he finds nothing "more succulent" for supper than a chop or steak, or eggs, or cold meat; how it is that the English do not take kindly to the *table d'hôte*, from which, he is convinced, "spring inevitably good breakfasts, good suppers, and good waiters;" how it is that the bedrooms at "mine inn" are almost inevitably stuffy, ill-ventilated apartments, with huge four-posters and feather beds, without ink, paper, or table on which to write, if need be; how it is that no other room is usually supplied to the British smoker, whose name is legion, than the billiard-room, with its "infernal clicking of the billiard-balls;" and how it is, finally, that, though "service" is charged in his bills, he is beset by the porter, the boot-black, and the chambermaid, on leaving, for an extra fee? They do these things better, this pampered Briton thinks, on the Continent; there the hotels will serve you a game-supper in a trice at one in the morning; there the *table d'hôte* flourishes in all its civilization and glory; there they provide every facility for letter-writing. There is a good deal of truth in his complaints of the deficiencies of English inns. It is true that Falstaff could take his ease merrily at his inn, and that Johnson found the most perfect happiness in this world, next to the jolting of a stage-coach, in the cosy corner of a country-tavern on a snowy winter's night. But all men are not made obviously happy by a burly cup of sack or a beefsteak an inch thick. There is a great deal of enchantment lent by distance to the view of the English inn. We believe the American, with all its faults—faults harped

upon by so many generations of English tourists—is far preferable. If our steaks are drowned in butter, at least our servants don't dog us, as the gadfly did I, for an extra "tip." If our rolls for breakfast are indigestibly hot, they are at least more palatable than the big English loaf a week old. And our cups of coffee yield a perfume and taste of the real berry, while one may travel from Land's End to John O'Groat's without once obtaining either; English coffee is simply abominable. The Englishman falls back confidently on his "joints;" the Continental relies on made-dishes, *entrées*, and cunning sauces; the American is the champion vegetarian of the world, eating usually little meat and a great deal of potato, squash, tomato, and corn. Nine American epicures out of every ten, after travelling the grand tour and tasting every dish that is concocted between Edinburgh and Palermo, return with satisfaction to the old home-diet, and thank their stars that Delmonico, the Continental, or the Parker House, is once more within easy reach.

— Of the power of the press in a free country no more striking exhibition was ever given than that afforded by *The New-York Times* in its recent contest with Tammany. Almost unaided—to some extent, in fact, impeded for a while by the jealousy or apathy of its contemporaries—that journal undertook to expose the corruption of our municipal government. The task had been undertaken many times before by great political parties, and by powerful organizations of influential citizens, but without much practical effect. The *Times*, however, boldly engaged the common enemy almost single-handed, and, by dint of courage, determination, and perseverance, succeeded at length in dragging to light monstrous abuses in the management of the public money, and in compelling the plunderers to stop their thieving operations. The achievement demanded great pluck and energy, as well as intelligence; and for these qualities the *Times* certainly deserves very great credit, and has well earned its marked increase of circulation and of influence. We make these remarks with more pleasure because we have ourselves, in former numbers of the *JOURNAL*, seen occasion for questioning the correctness of some of the assertions made by the *Times* as to the condition of the streets of the city. However extravagant that journal may have occasionally been in describing the external filth of New York, there can be no doubt that its exposure of the internal corruption of the city government is altogether too well founded.

Literary Notes.

BRYANT'S poem of "The Fountain," superbly illustrated by Harry Fenn, Winslow Homer, John Hows, and Alfred Fredericks, will be published as a holiday-book the coming season. It will be issued in style to correspond with the same author's "Song of the Sower," published last year, and which was universally pronounced the leading book of the season. "The Fountain" affords admirable opportunity for variety of illustrations, the poem containing not only charming descriptions of

scenery, but a variety of incidents, both of an historical and domestic character. Mr. Harry Fenn has drawn for it some of his most pleasing landscapes; Alfred Fredericks has supplied several of the historical incidents; and Winslow Homer, with great felicity, has contributed charming groups of young women and children. The volume will be hailed, we are convinced, as an admirable specimen of American art.

Justin McCarthy's novel of "Lady Judith," and Mr. De Forest's American romance of "Overland," each of which has appeared serially in the *Galaxy*, have been published in book-form by Messrs. Sheldon & Co. "Lady Judith" is a fresh, wholesome, and vigorous novel, the scene of which is partly laid in England and partly in America. The American portion includes some very well-drawn pictures of New-York scenes and characters. "Overland" is, as its name implies, a Western story. It is a story of marked character, reminding one frequently, in its direct and searching style and dramatic power, of Charles Reade. The scene of the shipwreck equals in picturesque and vivid description any thing we can recall in Mr. Reade's pages.

A new Italian work, entitled "La Vita e i Tempi di Daniele Manin," principally founded on the unpublished documents deposited in the Museo Correo by General Giorgio Manin, will be shortly brought out, edited by Professor Alberto Errera and Avvocato Cesare Finzi. "The work," says the *Athenæum*, "will be interesting, as illustrating the first steps toward the unity of Italy, of which Daniele Manin was one of the earliest promoters; and among its contents will be the private and diplomatic correspondence, the accounts of political trials, and the documents which belong to the origin and development of the republican principle in Italy in 1848-'49, and to the association of the idea of monarchy with the house of Savoy."

Messrs. Dodd & Mead will publish "The Theology of the New Testament." Translated from the Dutch of J. J. Van Oosterzee, professor in the University at Utrecht, and better known to American readers as one of the authors of Lange's "Commentaries." Of this book the *London Spectator* says: "The scientific method in which it is constructed, the lucidity of its arrangement, the sagacity and abundance of information which is brought to bear in it on the work of interpretation, call for the highest praise."

"London," illustrated by Doré, with text by Blanchard Jerrold, will be published in parts, the first number appearing in London in January next. Proofs of some of the illustrations have been shown to us. They exhibit all Doré's great qualities, and are likely to make a sensation in the world of art. The work will be completed in twelve or thirteen numbers, each containing four full-page illustrations and several smaller ones. It will be sumptuously printed on heavy, calendered paper, with wide, luxurious margins.

Dr. Porter, of Yale College, will offer, through Messrs. Dodd & Mead, a contribution to the scientific discoveries of the day under the title of "The Sciences of Nature versus the Science of Man." It will in part be a review of the arguments of Huxley, Spencer, and others, and aim to prove that, on the principle of many of the current philosophies which claim to be conducted in the spirit of the inductive philosophy, it is impossible to have any trustworthy induction at all.

A new historical novel has just appeared at Madrid from the prolific pen of Señor Manuel Fernandez y Gonzalez, entitled "El Gaupo Francisco Esteban," this pretty Francisco Esteban being no other than the famous Spanish corsair who did so much for the extirpation of Algerine piracy in the time of Philip V.

A popular work on corals and coral-islands, by Professor Dana, of Yale, is announced. It will be a large octavo volume, profusely illustrated, principally from designs by the author, who in person gathered material for the work at the coral-islands of the Pacific.

Miscellany.

Eugenie.

AN English lady, who recently paid a visit to the ex-Empress Eugénie at Chiselhurst, thus narrates the interview:

"The lady-in-waiting bade me sit down, and some ordinary phrases passed. As we spoke, from round the corner of the open door, without the sound of a footfall or the rustling of a drapery, the empress stood before me.

"It is now at least twenty years since I saw Rachel as Phédre. Do you remember her in that part? She first enters from the wings—slips in, as it were, while other actors fill the stage. But, from the instant my eye lighted on the empress, the great actress arose before me. There was no effort—nothing stagey; it was perfect grace, stateliness, and royal self-possession. Phédre was a queen—the Queen of Greece, the wife of the great Theseus; a golden crown encircled her head, and royal draperies hung about her slight form. Phédre was a shadow—Rachel is dust—Eugénie in exile; but, as she appeared, the scene changed. We were in a regal palace, the boudoir an alcove of loveliness. It was no exile who stood before me, but a most royal lady, and a yet crowned queen, born to command, with a face, a mien, a step, a voice that Nature in her most gracious mood had given her.

"The lady-in-waiting arose, arranged a slight cushion in an arm-chair, courtesied, and departed.

"The empress seated herself, and signed to me to do the same.

"She looked what Tennyson calls 'divinely fair,' but as one who has suffered much. There was a worn, weary look, inexpressibly pathetic, in her eyes, just touched under the lower lids with black; her cheeks were thin and very pale, her fair hair simply arranged low on the neck behind, drawn back at the sides and with curls on the forehead; and it was her own hair, distinctly and palpably her own. Her dress was of black paramatta, self-trimmed, with a small tunic, and a general look of scantiness about it. She wore a little white shirt-collar and cuffs, and not a single jewel, save one diamond-star that held the little collar. Her manner suits her imperial presence—simple, courteous, earnest. It is as of a ready-witted woman, sweet-tempered, full of human interests and feelings, impressionable, mobile, fascinating; emphasizing all she says with her grandly-cut Spanish eyes, that might almost, indeed, stand her in lieu of speech, so eloquently do they converse. There is a wonderful and varied charm about her, Cleopatra-like, that neither age nor custom can wither or stale. To see how the woman struggled with the empress, and how it brought her down to claim sympathy and pity from a solitary stranger, was very touching. Decorum alone kept the tears from my eyes.

"For a while the empress 'kept her state,' as the old chronicles have it, in the arm-chair (perhaps she forgot no royal canopy hung over her head). Then she rose and moved nearer to me, seating herself on a light chair, and straightway lapsed into the easy flow of talk of the high-bred lady. This duality, the empress and the woman, is one of her great charms. Both moods are perfectly natural, but in an instant she can evoke all 'the divinity that doth hedge' a queen, or as quickly subside into the lively, elegant woman of the world, asking and answering questions in rapid succession, without a vestige of court-etiquette.

"She began in English (which she speaks readily, and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word, which she asks you with her eyes to supply) by regretting that the emperor was too ill to see me.

"Not seriously ill, far from it," she said, 'thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chiselhurst. The weather had been warm and fine, and he had been tempted out, too much wrapped up (for it was so cold at Wilhelmshöhe), and he had incautiously taken off his paletot, and so caught cold, which had produced an attack of rheumatism.'

"Then she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life.

"Ah, how happy I was then! It seems like a dream—so happy; and her glorious eyes glistened. 'How well I remember the house where I was at school, the broad terrace, and the distant hills, and my companions—my dear friends—they have not forgotten me!'

"Yes," said I, 'young Miss B—.'

"Young! Ah, no!" and she laughed. 'She is not young, she is my age, and that is not young.'

"It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but, as she said this, she was a living contradiction of her own statement. She looks wonderfully youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this respect.

"When I first came to England," she continued, 'I desired to go there.'

"Ah, madame, why did you not come? We would have received you with enthusiasm.'

"She bowed.

"Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought; but it could not be.'

"But, madame, will you not come among us, and see your old haunts?'

"Some time, perhaps, but not now. I cannot; the emperor is ill. I cannot leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing, day and night, but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet.'

"Her eyes filled with tears, and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, 'See how I mourn!' And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"Madame," said I, 'there is but one consolation—the worse things go in France, the more the emperor is sure to be recalled. It is the emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children, and require the master-hand of wholesome restraint and discipline.'

"I do not wish to return—I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern. The emperor knew that these people were in Paris

—for twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful.'

"Madame," said I, 'it is as though the Fenians ruled in London. The Reds are the same all over the world.'

"The emperor is blamed for every thing," said she; 'yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years! The wages of the laborers and the *ouvriers* were high, and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now, the taxes have not been paid for three whole months. The taxes not paid, and no money at the Bourse! The emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. But'—and she drew herself up—"we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By-and-by Europe shall judge the emperor fairly.'

"I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health.

"No," she replied. Then she continued: 'I was forsaken by all the ministers. Trochu, whom the emperor had appointed, left me. They all left me, and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah,' she added, with an inspired look, '*it was my passion!*'

"She turned her tearful eyes to heaven. 'Her passion! Could any thing be more touching? Woman as I was, I could have died for her!'

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification, 'utterly abandoned. What could I do but fly? I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left me.'

"Were the details of your majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?'

"Yes," said she, 'tolerably so. For thirty days I was guarded by those men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuileries. My only happiness was that I suffered alone. The emperor away, and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger.'

"Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches enter the Tuileries, madame?'

"Everywhere—by all the doors, and the windows, too. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. I saw them coming through the trees. Then they broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. They came, too, on the other side, from the Place de Carrousel; black masses of men, pressing closer and closer; they, too, broke in everywhere. No one opposed them; the guards were gone. There were horrible cries, and screams, and oaths. From these thief-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their faces, these Belleville men; they wanted my blood. I was so weary, I did not care; to live or to die was the same to me. For the last three days there was a change; more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress; I would not be murdered in my bed, in my night-dress."

Sheridan Knowles.

Of all the eccentric individuals I ever encountered, Sheridan Knowles was, I think, the greatest. Judge, gentle reader, if the following anecdotes may not justify my assertion:

Walking one day with a brother-dramatist, Mr. Bayle Bernard, in Regent's Quadrant, Knowles was accosted by a gentleman in these terms:

"You're a pretty fellow, Knowles! After fixing your own day and hour to dine with us, you never make your appearance, and from

that time to this not a word have we heard from you!"

"I couldn't help it, upon my honor," replied Knowles; "and I've been so busy ever since I haven't had a moment to write or call. How are you all at home?"

"Oh, quite well, thank you. But, come now, will you name another day, and keep your word?"

"I will—sure I will."

"Well, what day? Shall we say Thursday next?"

"Thursday! Yes, by all means—Thursday be it."

"At six?"

"At six. I'll be there punctually. My love to 'em all."

"Thank ye. Remember, now—six, next Thursday."

"All right, my dear fellow; I'll be with you."

The friend departed, and Knowles, relinking his arm with that of Bayle Bernard, said, "Who's that chap?" not having the least idea of the name or residence of the man he had promised to dine with on the following Thursday, or the interesting "family at home," to whom he had sent his love.

Upon one occasion, when he was acting in the country, he received an anxious letter from Mrs. Knowles, informing him that the money—two hundred pounds—which he had promised to send up on a certain day, had never reached her. Knowles immediately wrote a furious letter to Sir Francis Freeling, at that time at the head of the post-office, of which, of course, I cannot give the precise words, but beginning "Sir," and informing him that on such a day at such an hour he himself put a letter into the post-office at such a place, containing the sum of two hundred pounds in bank-notes, and that it had never been delivered to Mrs. Knowles; that it was a most unpardonable piece of negligence, if not worse, of the post-office authorities, and that he demanded an immediate inquiry into the matter, the delivery of the money to his wife, and an apology for the anxiety and trouble its detention had occasioned them. By return of post, he received a most courteous letter from Sir Francis, beginning "Dear sir," as, although they were personal strangers to each other, he had received so much pleasure from Mr. Knowles's works that he looked upon him as a valued friend, and continuing to say that he (Knowles) was perfectly correct in stating that on such a day and at such an hour he had posted a letter at —, containing bank-notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, but that, unfortunately, he had omitted, not only his signature inside, but the address outside, having actually sealed up the notes in an envelope containing only the words, "I send you the money," and posted it without a direction! The consequence was, that it was opened at the chief office in London, and detained until some inquiry was made about it. Sir Francis concluded by assuring him that, long before he would receive his answer, the money would be placed in Mrs. Knowles's hands by a special messenger. Knowles wrote back: "My dear sir, you are right, and I was wrong. God bless you! I'll call upon you when I come to town."

One day, also in the country, he said to Abbot, with whom he had been acting there:

"My dear fellow, I'm off to-morrow. Can I take any letters for you?"

"You're very kind," answered Abbot; "but where are you going?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

Recollections by J. R. Planché.

Conjugal Discipline of Storks.

Figuiet, in his work on birds, gives several stories of the conjugal honor of the storks. One, from Neander, is as follows: "A number of storks had taken up their abode in the market-town of Tangen, in Bavaria. Perfect harmony reigned in every family, and their lives were passed in happiness and freedom. Unfortunately, a female, who had been up to that time the most correct of storks, allowed herself to be led away by the idle gallantries of a young male; this took place in the absence of her mate, who was engaged in seeking food for his family. This guilty *kaisa* continued until one day the male, returning unexpectedly, became convinced of her infidelity. He did not, however, venture to take the law into his own hands; he was reluctant to dip his bill into the blood of her he had once loved so fondly. He arraigned her before a tribunal composed of all the birds at the time assembled for their autumnal migration. Having stated the facts, he demanded the severest judgment of the court against the accused. The ungrateful spouse was condemned to death by unanimous consent, and was immediately torn in pieces. As to the male bird, although now avenged, he departed to bury his sorrows in the recesses of some desert, and the place which once knew him afterward knew him no more."

"The storks of the Levant," Figuiet declares, "manifest a still greater susceptibility. The inhabitants of Smyrna, who know how far the males carry their feelings of conjugal honor, make these birds the subjects of rather a cruel amusement. They divert themselves by placing hens'-eggs in the nest of the stork. At the sight of this unusual production, the male allows a terrible suspicion to gnaw his heart. By the help of his imagination, he soon persuades himself that his mate has betrayed him; in spite of the protestations of the poor thing, he delivers her over to the other storks, who are drawn together by his cries, and the innocent and unfortunate victim is pecked to pieces."

The London *Spectator*, having cast some doubt on this story, a correspondent, in confirmation of Figuiet's narrative, sends the following: "At Ayassalook exist the remains (pillars) of an old aqueduct, which was formerly used for conveying water to the town of Ephesus. On each of these pillars (perhaps fifty or sixty in number) a pair of storks yearly build their nest, and into one of these nests a resident of Ayassalook, some time back, placed a turkey's-egg. The circumstance passed by unnoticed until the brood was hatched; when, at the sight of the unusual phenomenon, the father and mother became furious, and a very animated discussion ensued; the wife, I presume, asserting her innocence, and the injured husband accusing her of infidelity to the marriage-bed. Ultimately a meeting of all the resident storks was convened and held, arguments were produced, *pro* and *con*, amid a great deal of noise and bustle, and ultimately a judgment was given: first, the poor innocent little turkey was pecked to death and thrown out of the nest; and then, when that job was done, the mother was set upon and dispatched in like manner. The legend does not say what became of the legitimate members of the family, whether the widowed father brought them up himself, or whether they were taken to a foundling-hospital; but the main facts of the story go a long way to confirm M. Figuiet. I know nothing about 'terrible suspicions gnawing a stork's heart,' nor of his 'helps of imagination;' but the above is a plain story, as told and believed here: and, if you think it

worth inserting, do so; if not, please put it in the waste-paper basket."

Australian Salt Lakes.

An interesting description of the salt lakes of Australia is given by a writer in the *Sydney Empire*, who, speaking of the salt lakes and mineral springs on the Paroo, says: "These wells are a real curiosity. Mounds of earth rise about ten or fifteen feet over the surface, no doubt thrown up by the force of the water; they form a kind of oasis in the wilderness, and have saved the lives of many a weary wanderer. These mounds can be seen for miles. The water is very clear and soft. It is impregnated with magnesia, soda, and alum. It is very palatable to drink, and I think very wholesome. The water does not flow after touching the surface; but, as soon as it overflows the fort-like basin, sinks into the earth. The alum and soda crack under your feet, as you walk around these wells, like frozen snow. Sand-storms occasionally set in with great violence, sweeping along and drifting like snow; but in this it differs—that nothing is proof against its penetrating propensity. It enters your eyes, your nose, your mouth, your ears; even your very skin seems gritty from it, and every thing is covered with it. It enters all culinary matters, so that while it lasts you are continually eating, drinking, and wearing sand. As an instance, the first evening I entered the Paroo, one of the sand-storms set in, and, after viewing one of those beautiful clear lakes, in which we thought we could quench our thirst, having had nothing to drink since the morning, what was our surprise, I might almost say despair, to find that the water was salt as brine! The driving sand beat with such fury that we could not see each other on the road. Our party numbered five, and I took the bridle and saddle off my horse and let him go to shift for himself. I lay down, putting the saddle between myself and the storm for shelter. The morning at last came, and I found at about five miles distant my party, horse, and water."

What has Woman achieved?

In architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, it is impossible to indicate one single female name of eminence; yet, if we except the first of these, they provide occupation less congenial to men than to women, and, as far as the last, if not the last but one also, is concerned, it is probable that for one man who has been trained to it, there have been a hundred women. Of course, we are speaking of creation and organization, not of mere execution. We should be quite prepared to hear that women are better copyists than men, thanks to that imitative faculty which they possess in a far greater degree; and the same gift enables them, to say the least, to hold their own with men in the highest departments of singing. But where are their operas? where their oratorios? where their sonatas? Where are their churches, their altar-pieces—for which, one would have thought, their superior piety and devotion would have sufficiently inspired them—their never-dying frescoes and canvases, their historic portraits, their tender crucifixions; their lives of saints, their deaths of martyrs; their splendid battle-pieces? If it be objected, for instance, that they never see battles, neither did the men who have painted them the best. It is not impossible that, what men and women both saw equally clearly, they would paint equally well. It is what neither see that women cannot paint, or, at any rate, have not painted, and that men have. This is the very point. Imagination has to do with things unseen by the naked eye. It is another

sort of vision that has to see them. In an age like the present, where painting concerns itself with very small matters, and rarely—never successfully—with matters not open to everybody's inspection, women do compete, and in two or three instances very creditably. But where the highest intellectual faculty rules most absolutely, there women cut the least and the poorest figure, indeed, hardly any figure at all as compared with men; and, though every qualification that occurs to us has been fully made in the above body of fact and argument, we scarcely think that it is open to any one to deny that its central proposition has been established. For it amounts to this: that in sculpture, architecture, and music, women have done absolutely nothing; and, in painting, have done something, but not very much, and that only in an age in which the very highest achievements of painters are second rate, and the ordinary achievements beneath contempt.

Faith of the Druses.

It is only within the last few years that the mysteries of the faith of the Druses have been partially unveiled; but now, several of their sacred books having been deposited in European libraries, considerable advance has been made toward comprehending their theological system.

They believe, according to these books, that El-Hakim, sixth of the Fatimite dynasty, was an incarnation of the Deity. He asserted his divinity, which was maintained by several writers, who collected his sayings, incorporated them with various tenets of Asiatic origin, and thereby originated a dogmatic creed. These tenets were derived from certain sects of mystics who, two centuries after Mohammed, flourished in Persia and on the eastern confines of Irak. Others can be traced to the ancient system of Zoroaster, and more by an amalgamation with those Christian legends, in distorted forms, which gave rise to so many strange heresies.

The religious writings of the Druses consist of one hundred and eleven treatises. None are allowed to possess or read them but the class of *Ukhal*, or the initiated. This class is subdivided into two sections, viz., those who are simply initiated, and those who have the additional title of *Suwayd*, indicating that they aim at a peculiar degree of sanctity, and are distinguished by the simplest attire.

The Druses appear to hold a qualified Manichæism in the doctrine of Ormuzd and Ahri-man, the antagonism of the good and evil principle. They have a strong belief in the transmigration of the soul, and affirm that they have had instances among them where persons have been conscious of their former position in life, and that such have made statements and professions which, on being tested, have proved to be true. Secret on every other point of their religious creed, they are open and unreserved on this.

They have seven commandments, all of which tend to inculcate veracity and love of the brotherhood. They believe in a day of judgment, when El-Hakim shall come to inaugurate a system of rule, based upon retributive justice for believers and unbelievers. The rewards and punishments are thoroughly sensual and material. The believers are to be rich, and the unbelievers poor. The former, according to their deserts, are to obtain all their dreams of wealth, rank, and indulgence. Infidels are to live in a state of subjection, poverty, and servitude. A still heavier fate is reserved for those Druses who have neglected to observe the precepts of their religion. They are to wear ear-rings of black glass, conical

caps made of swine's leather, and pay a tax of five gold-pieces.

The mystic origin of the Druses' faith is conclusively shown in the settled belief they hold that people of their creed—wearing the guise of an assumed religion—are to be found in every nation of the world. China they believe to be inhabited entirely by persons of the same faith, and, when their best men die, their souls are supposed to reappear there.

They formerly supposed that the whole of the inhabitants of Great Britain were Druses; but now they are partially disabused of this idea, yet still cling to the notion that large numbers of their co-believers exist in Scotland.

Jewish Customs.

The extent to which Judaism dominates the daily life of those of its followers who are faithful to its precepts, can hardly be realized by the Gentile world. In the kitchen, especially, Rabbinical Judaism is supreme. All butcher's meat must be soaked before it is cooked, to extract what remains of the blood. Three times does the Pentateuch declare that a kid must not be boiled in its own mother's milk, and therefore milk and its products must not form part of the same meal with meat and even poultry. This results in the employment of a double set of utensils for cooking and bringing the food to table, and is a source of endless trouble and expense. The unfortunate *contre-temps* which, according to the thirty-second chapter of Genesis, happened to Jacob, has had the curious effect of inducing his descendants to practically abstain from eating the hind-quarters of the few beasts left to them by the fifteenth chapter of Leviticus. Neither is this all. No meat whatever is permitted to be eaten, save such as is killed and sold by persons licensed by the Rabbinical authorities.

New-York Street Names.

Chrystie Street, New York, was so called in honor of Lieutenant-Colonel John Chrystie, who fell in battle on the frontier, July 22, 1813. Forsyth, in remembrance of Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth, killed in Lower Canada, June 28, 1813. Eldridge, in honor of Lieutenant Eldridge, tomahawked in Upper Canada by Indian allies and the British, July 17, 1813. Allen Street was named for Lieutenant William H. Allen, of the navy, who was killed aboard the *Argus* in an engagement with the British sloop-of-war *Pelican*, August 12, 1813. Ludlow Street was called after Lieutenant Ludlow, who fell in the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, June 1, 1813. He was but twenty-one years of age. It was to young Ludlow, second in command, that the dying Lawrence left the immortal injunction, "Don't give up the ship!" The remains of Lawrence and Ludlow were deposited in Trinity burial-ground, and their common grave is marked by a beautiful monument.

Foreign Items.

WHETHER King Ludwig, of Bavaria, will ever marry, is still a matter of speculation for the gossip-mongers in the German newspapers. It is now related that the young king, a few years ago, had fallen so desperately in love with Miss Mallinger, the fascinating prima-donna at the Royal Theatre of Munich, that he resolved to offer her his hand. The prima-donna was well aware of the king's affection toward her; but the king's relatives brought to bear upon her certain influences, which caused her to treat her royal lover with

considerable coldness. This exasperated King Ludwig so much that he resolved never to see her again. She was dismissed from the Munich theatre, and had to seek an engagement elsewhere.

It is not generally known that the Duke de Reichstadt was in love with Fanny Ellsler, the celebrated danseuse, and that Louis Napoleon, six or seven years after the duke's death, intended to marry her in London. Fanny Ellsler promptly rejected his proposals. She had been secretly married a year or two previously. Her younger sister, also an eminent danseuse, is themorganatic wife of Prince Albert of Prussia.

The Sultan of Morocco is described as a morose man, of by no means commanding presence. He is said to be addicted to the immoderate use of strong drink, and cruel in his proclivities, but his indolence is so great that he frequently fails to perpetrate deeds of violence upon which he has already resolved. He is illiterate, and unable to write his own name.

Another horrible execution took place at Kiev, in Russia, a few weeks since. Four highway robbers were executed. The hangman first gave each of them one hundred lashes, branded them on the forehead, and then hanged them. An immense crowd, cheering on the executioner, and drowning the screams of the tortured wretches for mercy, was present.

It turns out that the estate of Schwarzenbeck, in Lauenstein, which the Emperor William presented some time ago to Prince Bismarck, is not near as profitable as was originally believed. The prince will have to invest at least one hundred thousand dollars in it before he will be able to derive any revenue therefrom.

The present Prime-Minister of Greece was formerly a commission-merchant at Trieste, in Austria. He failed in business, and removed to Athens, where he found employment in the department of Foreign Affairs. He was rapidly promoted, owing to his fluency as a parliamentary speaker, and is now considered the most popular statesman in Greece.

Italy seems to suffer at the present time from a mania to erect monuments, not only to her distinguished sons, but also to men who have played a very questionable part in her history. No fewer than seventy monuments and statues of this description are now in course of construction for various cities and towns on the peninsula.

The number of Alsatians who emigrated after the annexation of the province to Germany, is, as officially announced, five thousand three hundred and eighty-nine. The assertions of the French papers that over thirty thousand Alsatians had emigrated, were unfounded.

Dr. Strousberg, the Prussian Israelite, who gained such an unenviable notoriety by his connection with the Roumanian railroad frauds, lives at home in strict seclusion, being afraid that some of his dupes might treat him very roughly in case he should show himself in public.

Eckmann-Chatrion's new book, "The Sub-Commissioner," has been prohibited in Germany, because, as the official decree says, "it abounds in libellous misrepresentations, and was evidently written to pander to the prejudices of the French Chauvins."

Prince Napoleon is noted for his economical

habits in his household affairs. While he spent every year hundreds of thousands for works of art and curiosities, his family, it is positively asserted, suffered frequently from want in the gorgeous apartments of the Palais Royal.

Leon Say, the new prefect of the Seine department, has recommended President Thiers to order the immediate expulsion of fifteen thousand vagabonds, blacklegs, and adventurers, from Paris. He says that such a measure would be a blessing to the city.

The people of Iceland are in a state of intense excitement on account of the arbitrary conduct of the King of Denmark toward them. He has recently overthrown their constitution and dispersed their legislature. They threaten to drive the Danish authorities from their island.

The Turkish Government has ordered the Dey of Tunis to abolish corporal punishment in his dominions. The grand-vizier says, in the rescript to the dey, "This practice is brutal and cruel, and it has been carried to excess in Tunis."

Princess Pauline de Metternich is believed to be the wealthiest woman in Austria. Her real estate is appraised at sixteen million florins. Her husband, Prince Richard, has spent most of his large fortune during the twelve years he was Austrian ambassador in Paris.

There are so few short-hand writers in France, that the government is unable to find as many of them as it needs. The official stenographers of the National Assembly receive fifteen thousand francs a year, and free rooms in the legislative palace.

The death of Immanuel Bekker, the great German philologist, is said to have been caused by his mortification at the manner in which he was treated in a learned controversy about an obscure passage in Sophocles.

The Paris *Gaulois* having asserted that the German troops stole, in France, two thousand pianos and twenty thousand valuable clocks, the German ambassador, in Paris, has brought an action for libel against it.

The medical faculties of several German universities have asked Prince Bismarck to offer, in the name of the German empire, a large sum of money for the discovery of a remedy to prevent the spreading of the cholera.

The vindictiveness which the French feel toward the Prussians is still unabated. It has now become fashionable in France to call their dogs by the names of William, Bismarck, and Moltke.

The frauds which have lately been discovered in the administration of the French war department, have led to numerous arrests. Two marshals are said to be implicated in them.

England collected, in the year 1842, two hundred and twenty thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers by the great conflagration in Hamburg. Hamburg was perfectly rebuilt in thirteen months.

A correspondent from Coburg writes to the Vienna *Wanderer*, that the people of that city, who saw Queen Victoria repeatedly, believe that she has been partially insane for several years past.

One hundred and fifty Jesuits are said to be travelling at present in Germany, and trying

to prevent the Catholics of that country from taking sides with Doellinger and the other old Catholic leaders.

An Italian countess, who was formerly reader to ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, has been sentenced, in Rome, to three years' imprisonment at hard labor. She was convicted of having stolen a diamond necklace.

The military authorities of Germany have definitely rejected the Chassepot rifle, and resolved to arm their infantry with the Werder gun.

The celebrated Bishop Strossmeyer, of Hungary, next to Dr. Doellinger, regarded as the ablest living Catholic theologian, has joined the Old Catholic movement.

General Cluseret, the escaped Communist leader, lives under an assumed name at Lubeck, in Germany.

The *Grenzboten*, generally considered the best of the German magazines, has a circulation of less than one thousand copies.

The two Queen Olgas, of Wurtemberg and Greece, are said to be the only sovereign princesses in Europe that are not in delicate health.

Marshal MacMahon is noted in the French army as a great smoker. He disposes daily of about forty cigarettes.

The Grand-duke Alexis is a colonel of infantry in the Russian army.

Varieties.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* has discovered "how to see under water." He had occasion to examine the bottom of a mill-pond, for which purpose he constructed a float out of inch-plank, sufficient to buoy him up. Through the centre of this float he cut a hole and placed a blanket over it, when he was enabled to clearly discover objects on the bottom, and several lost tools were discovered and picked up. He is satisfied that, where the water is sufficiently clear, the method could be successfully used in searching for lost bodies and articles, and suggests that it be tried on the sea. "With a craft like the *Great Eastern*," he adds, "where an observatory could be placed at the bottom, with sufficient darkness, by the aid of glasses we could gaze down into the depths of the sea, the same as we can survey the starry heavens at midnight."

The *New Jerusalem Messenger*, in treating of the slow growth of the New Church body, remarks that only about nine thousand members have been added to the reunited Presbyterian Church during the last year, which is an increase of only two per cent. "The number connected with the New Church organizations in this country," continues the *Messenger*, "is not over five thousand. Increasing at the same rate as the Presbyterians, we ought to have an annual addition of one hundred members. We can readily name a dozen societies whose combined annual increase is equal to this, leaving out not only all the rest of our societies, but the new societies which are constituted from year to year. In proportion to our numbers, therefore, our growth is not so slow as is generally imagined."

The Boston Directory has a list of one hundred and forty-eight churches of all denominations in that city. They are thus classified: Unitarian, twenty-seven; Methodist, twenty-two; Trinitarian Congregational, twenty-two; Baptist, seventeen; Roman Catholic, seventeen; Episcopal, fifteen; Presbyterian, seven; Universalist, six; Jewish, four; Lutheran, two; Spiritualist, two; Second Advent, two; Independent Congregational, two; Freewill Baptist, Swedenborgian, and Swedish, one each. With the exception of the New Church

and the Roman Catholics, all sects have ample church accommodation in all parts of Boston. For one church that is overcrowded there are six or eight not well filled. The churches enumerated above have one hundred and sixty-five pastors and assistants.

A correspondent has been figuring up the miles of existing telegraph-wires. It appears there are four hundred and fifty thousand miles in Europe, one hundred and eighty thousand in America, fourteen thousand in India, ten thousand in Australia, and thirty thousand of submarine cable. Total, six hundred and eighty-four thousand miles, to which there are additions being made at the rate of one hundred thousand miles per year. At this rate of increase it will not be many years till all communications are made by lightning, and nearly as cheaply as they were conducted years ago by mail.

A gentleman who had taken the horse-cars for the Worcester Depot in Boston, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell-rope with an effort when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull; the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply.

In the "Life of Barham" an amusing anecdote is told of King, the actor, who met a friend whose name he had forgotten, and took him home to dinner. After several attempts to find out his name, King said: "My friend and I have had a dispute as to how you spell your name; indeed, we have laid a bottle of wine about it." "Oh, with two p's!" was the answer.

"When I asked," said Emerson, "an iron-master about the slag and cinder in railroad-iron, 'Oh,' he said, 'there is always good iron to be had; if there's cinder in the iron, 'tis because there was cinder in the pay.'"

A strong mind is sometimes more easily impressed than a weak one. For example, you cannot so easily convince a fool that you are a philosopher, as you can a philosopher that you are a fool.

A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way is for him to take a short sea-voyage. He will then very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.

When Mrs. Malaprop does take a glass of something at night, she likes it pretty strong. She hates, she says, to have her rum-and-water much polluted.

The hotel in New England with the longest name is the Quinquinappassakessanogog House at Hampton Beach. It has only two letters less than the whole alphabet.

There are thirteen hundred and ninety-four professional bakers in New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, and these cities consume nearly one million pounds of wheat-bread daily.

English experience is said to show that out of every thirty colts from thorough-bred stock but one proves fast.

Facts should be put down in black and white; in another colored ink they might appear ink-red-blue.

A gardener's wife made a pin-cushion out of a Spanish onion, but she found out that it brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

The boot-and-shoe trade is the safest to engage in. Every pair made are soled before they are finished.

The man who sat down on an open paper of carpet-nails said they reminded him of the income-tax.

A steam-yacht is sailing on the Sea of Galilee.

The Museum.

THE Japanese national dress is the "kimono," a kind of dressing-gown, made a

little longer and fuller for men than for women; the former fasten it across by means of a silk sash or narrow scarf, and the latter wear a wide piece of stuff, fastened in an odd-looking knot at the back. The Japanese bathe daily; they wear no under-linen, but the women have chemises made of red-silk cr pe. In summer, the peasants, fishermen, artisans, and coolies, go about their business almost naked, and their wives wear only a short petticoat round the waist. In rainy seasons they protect themselves by cloaks made of straw or oiled paper, and hats of bamboo bark. In winter, the common men wear a close-fitting jacket and trousers of blue cotton, under the kirimon, and the women wadded mantles. The dress of the various classes differs only in the materials of which it is composed; the nobility alone have the right to wear silk, but they only attire themselves richly to go to court, or to pay visits of ceremony. Government officers wear full trousers, and, instead of the kirimon, a short garment with wide sleeves, and not inelegant in shape. Every one is shod in the same way, with sandals of plaited straw, and socks of cloth or cotton, or wooden clogs fastened by a string. When the roads are muddy, they wear a mere wooden sole raised on



Japanese Peasant in Winter-costume

two pegs, and all, on entering a house, take off their sandals or clogs, and leave them on the threshold. The floors are always covered with mats made of rice-straw, carefully plaited; they are all of the same size, six feet three inches long, by three feet two inches wide, and four inches thick, and are used as a current measure; there is, consequently, no difficulty in suiting them to the different rooms, which can also be modified at pleasure, by means of the sliding partitions which the Japanese use to divide their apartments. The mat supplies the want of other furniture; it is the bed on which the Japanese passes the night, wrapped in a large wadded covering, and his head resting on a stuffed wooden socket; it serves as a tablecloth on which to spread the porcelain and lacquered vessels which he uses at meals; it is the carpet which his barefooted children tread on, and the divan where, squatting on his heels, he invites his friends to seat themselves and enjoy a prolonged gossip, while sipping a decoction of tea unmixed with any other ingredient, and puffing tobacco in lilliputian pipes. In the inns we see what is called in Java a "bali-bali," a kind of table, raised only a foot from the ground, and covered with mats; on it the traveller sits, eats, drinks, or takes his siesta.

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